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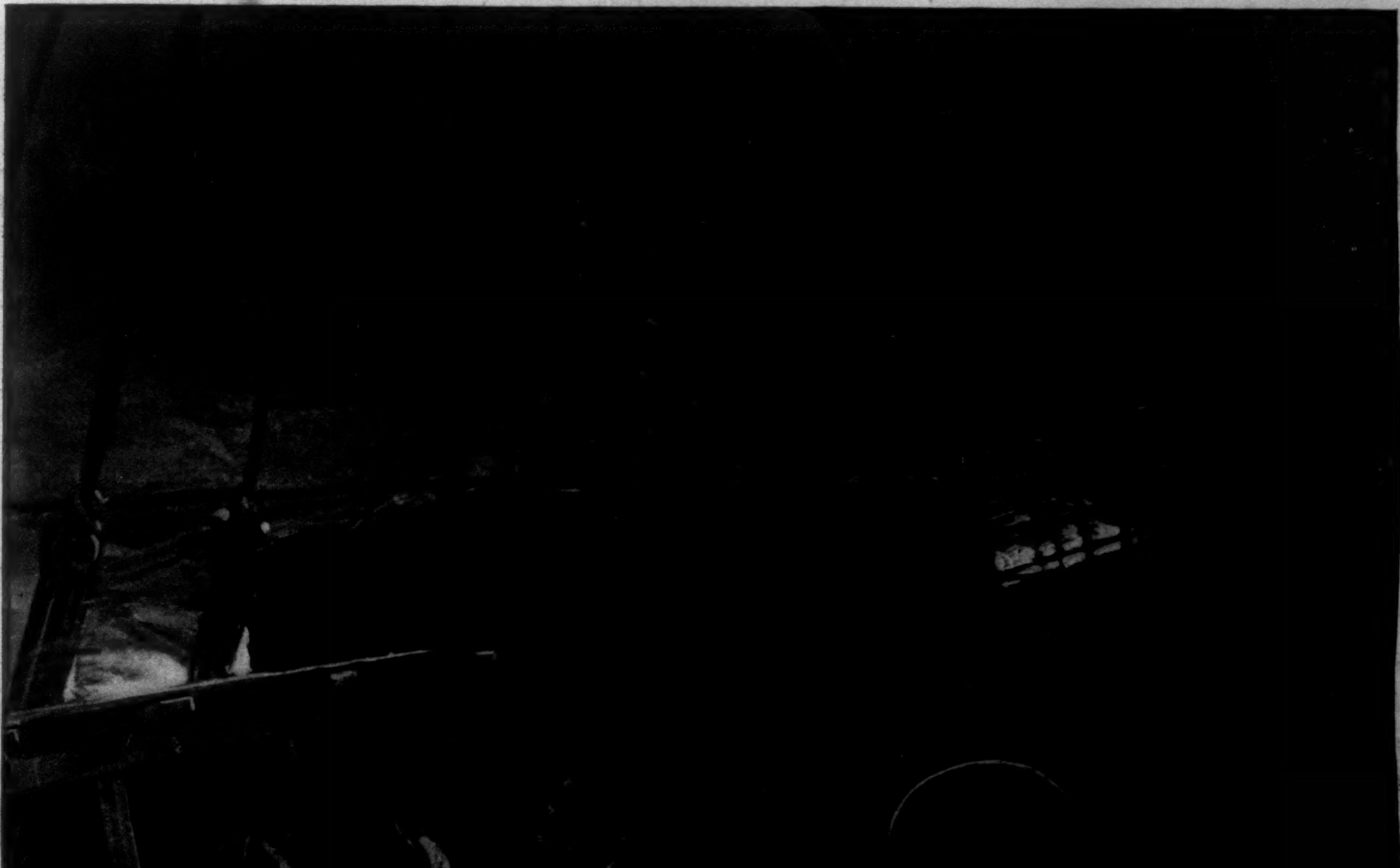

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—A NIGHT SCENE ON A FREIGHTER FROM VANCOUVER TO SKAGWAY.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 927.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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THE BOSS IN LEGISLATION.

MR. REED, who is likely to be Speaker of the House of Representatives whenever the Republicans have a majority in that body, is one of the products of bad political conditions. He is a clever, but not a thoughtful man. In essential things he accepts the policies and principles that exist, and questions only the methods of their application. He came into Congress after the legislative branch of the government had undertaken tasks that were beyond its strength and contrary to the spirit of the democratic form of government, and when its tendency was clearly in the direction of usurping more and more of the functions of the administrative branch of the government, of the States, and of society. Instead of inquiring whether this tendency was well or ill for the body politic, he accepted it as he found it, assumed that it should be energized and its operations hastened, and inquired only as to the best method of making it move more swiftly. In most respects his task was an easy one. Given the proposition that the main concern of the Legislature is the transaction of business, and that rapidity and promptness of action and abundant production are the great legislative virtues, it is clear that deliberation and debate must cease, and that the control of the business of law-making must be placed in the hands of a few, or, better still, of one masterful man. In other words, Mr. REED'S conception of the functions of the Legislature is a conception of our times, the outcome and growth from the spirit in which nearly if not quite all political action is governed—simply the application to the business of Congress of the methods by which men like QUAY and PLATT and CROKER control the sources of political power.

The country is to be congratulated, in the first place, that Mr. REED is an honest man. As the WEEKLY has already said, much to the annoyance, apparently, of some newspapers that are still smarting under the result of the trial of the main issue of 1884, a corrupt Speaker exercising Mr. REED'S power would have availed himself of opportunities which would have thus created more odious scandals than have ever yet disgraced Congress, disgraceful as some of its scandals have been. Mr. REED is an honest man, and, fortunately for the country, he does not sell legislation or rulings. If, however, the boss continues to be the source of legislation at Washington, and the successors of Mr. REED continue to be clothed with the power which he wields, not only the possibilities but the probabilities of the Speaker's rule are terrifying. For then only one man need be corrupted, while the party passions of that one man may not be tempered nor the injustices of his prejudices prevented by the opportunities for reflection afforded by the old-fashioned practice of deliberation and debate.

Aside from the Speaker's personal character, what has been accomplished under Mr. REED'S theory and practice? In the first place, the Speaker has made the House of Representatives contemptible. There is nothing in Mr. REED'S theory, unless it be the assumption that representative government has broken down and is a failure. There was a good deal to support an argument in behalf of this assumption in the incompetency of the Congresses which preceded Mr. REED'S first Speakership. But Mr. REED has done nothing to remedy that incompetency. He has not even suggested a remedy. He has simply put himself in the place of the House, and has made its members registers of his will. In time this will naturally make the House even more incompetent than it has been thus far, because intelligent men will refuse to become members of a body that is an unthinking, obedient machine, completely under the control of the man whom it has made its Speaker. Even now the Washington newspaper correspondents recognize the unimportance of ordinary members of Congress by rather ostentatiously declining to regard them as valuable sources of information. The House is no more competent than it was when it wasted its time and the country's patience in inconsequential debate or in exasperating tactics of obstruction, except as the Speaker sometimes compels it to act on measures of which he approves. Mr. REED has shown that the members are of no importance, in his opinion, and if his rule is right, the sooner the tasks of legislation are included among the executive powers, as they are in Russia and Turkey, the franker, if not the better, government we shall have.

Has Mr. REED'S rule demonstrated that under it legislation is better than it was under the old system? The three worst laws which Congress has passed for many years, the three that stand out most prominently for their crudeness and for the embodiment of evils, are the SHERMAN act and the MCKINLEY and DINGLEY tariff laws. All of these were enacted under the Speakership of Mr. REED. When the SHERMAN act was passed he was hoping for the Presidential nomination, and was coquetting with the silver men by posing as a bimetallist. His chosen representative on the floor of the House, Mr. MCKINLEY, was the most ardent advocate of the measure. The MCKINLEY tariff bill was rushed through the House by Mr. REED, and even Republican amendments were refused admission. The Speaker is also responsible for the DINGLEY bill, and it affords an example of one of the inevitable evils attending legislation without deliberation. We refer, of course, to the provision, discovered after the passage of the act, imposing a ten-per-cent. discriminating duty on imports coming to the United States over the railroads of Canada or other contiguous countries. Mr. REED confesses that the provision "slipped into" the bill without being noticed by him who has charged himself with full responsibility for all legislation; and the "slipping in" of provisions which, by reason of their corruption or otherwise, would not get in if the bill were debated, may be accepted as the inevitable consequence of legislation by decree of the Speaker. In other words, Mr. REED has assumed a task that no human being can properly perform.

Mr. REED is responsible for the failure of the House of Representatives to pass any measure reforming the currency. As leader of the minority in 1893 and 1894 he stood in the way of Mr. CLEVELAND, and as Speaker in 1895 and 1896 he prevented the passage of measures for the needed relief of the Treasury. He has shown extraordinary power over the present House, having kept it from the transaction of any business whatever except the passage of the DINGLEY bill, although the President requested immediate action on his message recommending the appointment of a currency commission. It is true that he has prevented the discussion of many bad measures, and perhaps their enactment; but the experience of the country under the old system has been that, in the main, discussion decreases the chances of bad bills and helps good bills.

Mr. REED'S effort to reform legislation by making the House a business body for the purpose of recording the will of the Speaker has sadly broken down. There is great need of legislative reform, but it cannot be satisfied by transforming the Speakership into a dictatorship. If representative government is a failure, and we are far from being prepared to agree with Mr. REED on this point, let us not maintain it as a farce. At any rate, we have had enough of the boss in legislation, for we have found him as inefficient as Congress itself ever was, much less reasonable, while the danger of error in the construction of laws is greatly multiplied by the absence of debate.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THE powers have apparently agreed that the Turk shall evacuate Greece, when the revenues of the kingdom, so far as they are involved in the payment of the war indemnity to Turkey and of the interest to the holders of old bonds, are placed under their control. This fortifies the Turk in Europe. He is safe from attack from the Balkans, and if the enemy to the south, the enemy that might make trouble in Macedonia, is placed under the tutelage of the powers, Turkey has a pleasant future that will last until Russia is ready.

When Russia will be ready no one knows, not even the Czar. The diplomacy of the great barbarian, who looks to have, one day, the predominance in the West as well as in the East, is of the slow-moving kind. Just at present its concern is the pacification of Europe, and therefore it is the friend of all the powers, with the possible exception of Great Britain. But whatever hostilities are to be the outcome of Russian policy, or whatever the eventual consequences of her forward movement, Russia is content to wait; and while she waits, the Sultan is comparatively safe.

He has, it is true, to face the danger of murder. That, however, is a personal danger. Under existing conditions he would be succeeded by another Sultan. So long as eastern Europe is under the control of its present rulers, so long as France is willing to tie herself to Russia in the vain hope of acquiring Alsace and Lorraine, so long, in a word, as the popular voice of liberal Europe is stifled, so long may Russia maintain the Sultan on his European throne, while she creeps steadily westward as well as eastward. But while it is the fashion to predict that Russia will succeed in establishing its great empire and in dominating European civilization, the people of civilized Europe are yet to be reckoned with. Will they permit the barbarian to dominate? Will it not be the worse for the rulers if they attempt to permit it?

LOGICAL POLITICS.

THERE is a Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals to be elected this fall in the State of New York. The height of control to which the machine has attained in our politics is illustrated by the fact that the machines of the two parties are agreed that they will not ask the views of the members of their respective parties as to the best men for candidates for this important position. They will make the nominations themselves without going through the form of calling conventions.

It is true that this is not an unusual exercise of power on the part of the machine. Time and time again the State Committee of each party has made the principal judicial nominations. The power to do so is usually granted to the committee by the convention which selects its members. There has been no criticism, so far as we are aware, of the practice. It has been accepted as proper because judiciary nominations do not excite general interest among the people, and especially among the spoils politicians. But if the State Committee, which is the machine, which is really the "boss," exercises the right to nominate judges, why should it not exercise the right to make all nominations? Is it not the nature of the machine to extend its jurisdiction and to strengthen its grasp upon power? Has it ever been known to surrender any functions that it has grabbed or usurped, or that have been granted to it? Is it not possible, then, that eventually the machine will extend its power to make nominations, and from simply nominating judges come to name all candidates?

It does that now, in truth. Strictly speaking, last year's conventions had no more right to grant to this year's State Committees the power to nominate candidates for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals than they had to make the nominations themselves. They had only the right to make last year's nominations. That was the extent of the power conferred upon them by their constituents. But as they did not really represent their supposed constituents, and did represent their respective "bosses," they did what the "bosses" commanded. Conventions are mere dummies. In the present state of politics they might as well be abolished. Indeed they might better be abolished, because they simply serve to divert responsibility. The "boss" alone has the power, and he should alone bear the responsibility. Therefore the method of nominating judges by State Committees to whom no authority has been given by the voters of their parties is a step in the logical direction. The "boss" should make all nominations by decree. Then we should have frankly and openly the state of things that exists in politics to-day under certain thin disguises.

SEX PREPONDERANCE IN DIVORCE.

THESE "suggestive figures" are given in a recent issue of the Cleveland *Leader*: "Of the 876 divorce cases instituted in the Common Pleas Court of this county during the year ending July 1, only ninety-five were begun by men. In 781 cases the wife was the plaintiff." In the opinion of the *Leader* these figures prove, "if they prove anything, that women are, as a rule, better than men," or that men are the "worse offenders" against the laws of civilized marriage, since "desertion, drunkenness, cruelty, and neglect," of which husbands are guilty much oftener than wives, are the commonest grounds on which divorce suits are brought. Were this sex preponderance in divorce reversed, the *Leader* suggests that "there might be stronger and better grounds" for the reform demanded in easy divorce laws.

While the divorce figures given by the *Leader* for its own locality are exceptional, the sex preponderance shown in them has been long established. The special Congressional investigation of the subject of divorce in the United States, under the act of 1887, covered the period from 1867 to 1886. The report, prepared under the supervision of **CARROLL D. WRIGHT**, has this to say on sex preponderance: "In the proportion of nearly two to one it is the wife receiving a divorce rather than the husband," cruelty, desertion, and drunkenness being named in the report as among the principal causes for which divorces are sought. In this connection the comment of so conservative an authority as the late **THEODORE D. WOOLSEY** should be noted, that "cruelty and drunkenness, which are the offences for the most part of the husband, render the wife's state of life intolerable." Again, the Rev. **S. W. DIKE**, who has devoted many years to the careful investigation of the subject, after speaking of the unsatisfactory character of many divorce statistics, says, "A special study of forty-five counties in twelve States, however, shows that drunkenness was a direct or indirect cause in 20.1 per cent. of 29,665 cases."

Because, however, a much larger number of women than men find the marriage relation "intolerable," to use Dr. **WOOLSEY'S** strong word, even in the exceptional preponderance noted by the Cleveland *Leader*, it by no means follows that "easy divorce" is an advantage to women. Greater restrictions would strengthen rather than impair the exercise of the right to a divorce in proper cases, since it would check the habit, noted by Dr. **DIKE**, of choosing this or that statutory cause because it seems "the easier or more congenial"—a habit which brings all causes into common contempt. On the other hand, the fact of the great preponderance of one sex among divorce applicants, and the reasons for it, have received far too little attention in popular discussion. It has a significance which has been curiously lost sight of to a great extent.

PARKS AND PLAY-GROUNDS.

MR. **JACOB RIIS'S** lively article in the last number of the **WEEKLY** upon "Small Parks and Public-School Play-Grounds" may at first seem to pertain to New York alone. But it is not so. The question it raises and discusses is one which affects all large American cities, and will affect them more the more they grow. It is most urgent in New York on account of the populousness of the city, and especially on account of the topographical conditions which produce in the tenement-house districts of New York a congestion of population nowhere else equalled or approached. But it is coming up in the other large cities. Fortunate and wise are those cities which foresee it and provide for it in advance. For an anticipatory provision is far cheaper as well as far more effectual than the belated makeshifts to which New York has been compelled. Here the opening of breathing-spaces and play-grounds involves the clearing of ground already occupied by buildings paying a high rental.

The clearing out of the rear tenements in New York would be a work of mercy, if not of necessity, even if the ground they occupy were to be left waste and empty. Much more is it a work of necessity when the ground is at once converted to most necessary public uses by being embellished and left for public recreation. No municipal measure could have been wiser than the appropriation of a million a year to convert slums and rookeries into small parks. It has already borne good fruit, and it is destined to bear more. But Mr. **RIIS** touches the point when he insists that the main use of the small park is that of a play-ground for children who have no other. It follows that it should be established in connection with the school-house. Here there is a legal difficulty to overcome, for the schools are under one jurisdiction and the small parks under another. This legal difficulty should be and doubtless will be removed. But even in advance of its removal very much can be done by voluntary co-operation upon the part of the two bodies between which the jurisdiction is divided.

In addition to that, or even without that, the Board of Education may do very much by recognizing that the play-ground is as necessary to public education as the recitation-room. This it has begun to recognize, and, under the advice of its zealous and intelligent architect, it has come to recognize also that the complaint of want of room proceeds in great part from a failure to utilize what room there is. Looking down upon a modern city from a balloon, it would be seen that the roofs occupy, in the crowded districts, more room than the open spaces, including both the streets and the back yards, and very much more than the back yards alone. Yet the builders of tenement-houses and of school-houses have consented to waste this vast area, whereas it might be made available for the recreation of the inmates or the pupils, and "fleeing to the house-top" for air and coolness be as much the rule in an American city as in the cities of the Orient. In the newer school-houses, where space will not permit a play-ground, the area occupied by the building itself may be made available; but, in fact, a play-ground is a necessary adjunct both of a school and of a small park.

A corollary of this combination of schools and parks is the utilization of the school-house, out of school hours, as a place of assemblage. This has been forcibly urged for New York by Professor **NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER**, and it would be a very great thing. He proposed that when the school-houses were not needed for their primary purpose they should be available for all purposes in which the neighborhood had a common interest—all meetings, that is to say, which were not political or religious. It is plain how much more livable such a provision would make the tenement-house districts. Perhaps it is not quite so obvious what an immense impetus such facilities would give to the development of civic life and public spirit, but a little reflection will show the vast extent of the possibilities opened in that direction. Ample provision of public meeting-places and public play-grounds will conduce, as scarcely anything else will, to the safety, honor, and welfare of an American city with a polyglot population.

SPOILS AND STATESMANSHIP.

THE recent discomfiture of Senator **WELLINGTON** at the Republican State Convention of Maryland has attracted wide attention—deservedly so, for it conveys an exceedingly valuable lesson to young politicians. Maryland had long been a Democratic State. The Republicans carried it at the last State election in consequence of an uprising of the popular sentiment against the scandalous Democratic machine politics under the leadership of Senator **GORMAN**. This uprising of the moral sense of the community gave the Republicans a majority in the Legislature, by which Mr. **WELLINGTON** was elected to the United States Senate. No sooner did Mr. **WELLINGTON** find himself in that position of power than, strange to say, he forthwith began to adopt the very policy which had cost the Democratic party in Maryland its ascendency. He acted upon the assumption that it was the principal duty of a United States Senator, instead of devoting his mind and time and working force to the problems of public policy to be solved, to control the Federal patronage in his State and to reward his friends with offices. He conceived an exalted notion as to his "rights" and "prerogatives" in that respect, the emphatic assertion of which involved him speedily in unseemly quarrels with the national administration, not to speak of the heart-burnings and resentments he excited among disappointed constituents. But he expected to overawe the national administration as well as the malcontents among the Maryland Republicans by demonstrating at the State convention that he was the absolute master of his party in his State; and to the end of filling the State convention with his creatures, he resorted to means which might have excited the envy of Boss **GORMAN** himself. He opened the proceedings of the convention with overbearing words of command. But, lo! the command was promptly repelled and disobeyed by the majority. His discomfiture was complete, and considering the loftiness of his attitude but a moment before, his plight was almost ludicrously humiliating.

It may then have dawned upon the Senator that when the moral sense of the community rose up against Boss **GORMAN** it was not for the purpose of putting in his place Boss **WELLINGTON**, but to rid the State of machine rule as such, no matter what party label the machine might bear. He may have found a striking but to him by no means flattering confirmation of this in the fact related thus by a Baltimore newspaper: "The great thing on which the **GORMAN** people were relying to win back the independent Democrats was the cry that **WELLINGTON** was as much of a boss in the Republican party as **GORMAN** in the Democratic party. This cry has been absolutely taken away from them." In the bitterness of his disappointment the thought may have occurred to him how different his situation would be had he, instead of spending his time and strength in soliciting and distributing patronage and in building up a political machine, dutifully devoted himself to an earnest study of those public problems upon which as a Senator he has to act—questions concerning the tariff, or the monetary system, or our foreign relations, or methods of administration—and had he thus enabled himself to win the influence and the prestige of a competent and wise legislator—in one word, had he endeavored to become, not a mere spoils-monger, but a statesman. He would then, instead of diverting the victorious revolt against machine politics from its true object, have, as its leader, availed himself of its moral spirit to carry out necessary reforms in city and State, and to make his party a fit instrument for the promotion of good government. He would have stood before the convention not as the chief of a lot of ward heelers, but as a public man commanding the power of general respect and the good wishes of the best part of the community. He would have come out of that convention not as a baffled wire-puller and a humiliated pretender, but as a party leader in the best sense of the term, increasing the moral and numerical strength of his party by the very fact of his leadership. "Look here upon this picture, and on this!"

It has been said by some newspapers that Mr. **WELLINGTON** failed so promptly and ignominiously in his pretensions because he was only a tyro at the boss trade, because he played his cards too openly and defiantly, and because he was too impatient in proclaiming his dictatorship. Had he been more experienced, we are told, and more wary, he might have maintained himself in his position of power for an indefinite time. It is, indeed, true that Mr. **WELLINGTON** reached out for that dictatorship with a juvenile dash and assurance unusually calculated to provoke resentment and rebuke. But even had his downfall been postponed, it would at last have come, and the final result would have been the same. There would have been at the close of his career the same dreary retrospect of squandered opportunities for good service and of power misused for evil ends, of a public life that should have been devoted to the high business of the statesman spent in miserable deals and mischievous schemings for the benefit of the most selfish elements and the encouragement of the worst tendencies in our politics. It is perhaps most fortunate for Senator **WELLINGTON** that this reverse should have overtaken him at an early period of his Senatorial term, for if he understands this drastic admonition he still has time to turn his abilities to uses honorable to himself and beneficial to his constituents and to the country at large.

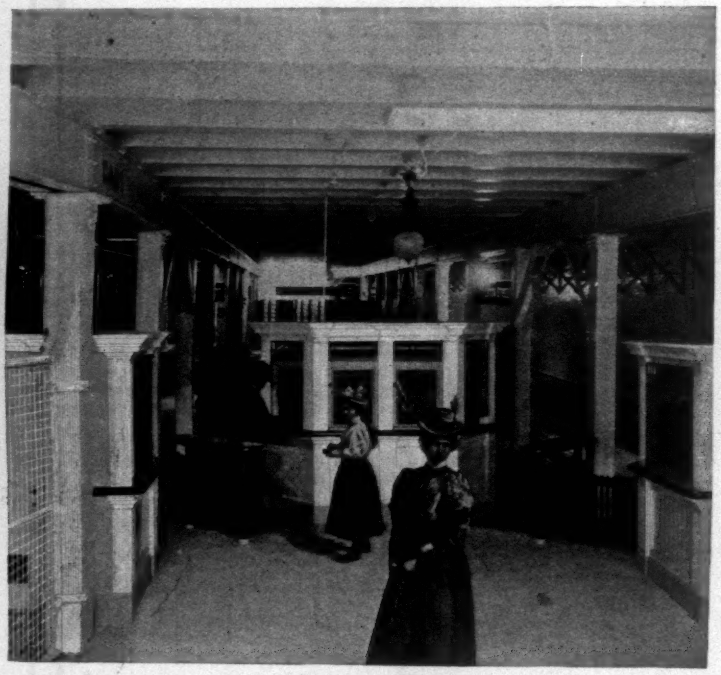
There is, in fact, no example in our political history of a public man who sought to build up his power mainly on the foundation of patronage, and who then left a record behind him which any self-respecting person would covet. Even the shrewdest and most successful of them, who maintained themselves longest, after all flourished only for a time, and then usually perished as the victims of the same practices by which they had risen—in some cases in a manner most disastrous to their fortunes as well as their reputations. Young men of political ambition should carefully study the career of the "bosses" who in their days seemed to wield almost unlimited power, supported by the noisy devotion of organized bands of henchmen, and apparently able to defy any opposition. The conclusion of such study will uniformly be that the position won by those bosses in their country's history and the fame achieved by them are just the kind of distinction which a man of honorable ambition would not have.

But while there are no examples of a boss leaving an enviable record behind him, there have been striking instances of men of superior gifts and of fine promise of public usefulness and high distinction being ruined by indulgence in spoils politics. The people of this State not many years ago witnessed a catastrophe of this kind which was especially melancholy and instructive. It was the sudden collapse of the public career of the late **ROSCOE CONKLING**. It would be doing Mr. **CONKLING'S** memory great injustice to put him on a level with such men as **PLATT**, **QUAY**, and **GORMAN**. He was very much their superior in ability as well as in character. Notwithstanding his peculiar weaknesses and eccentricities, which were apt to warp his judgment and to distort his eloquence, he had the elements of genuine power in him. Had he devoted his time and energy less to the building up of party organization through patronage, and more to the study and treatment of those public questions which form the real object of statesmanship, he would have become one of the most useful men of the day, and closed his career as brilliantly as he had begun it. He was drawn into the vortex of spoils politics, and was swallowed up by it. He perished through a miserable squabble about a collectorship—a catastrophe all the more painful to a proud man as it had a flavor of the ridiculous. His colleague, Mr. **PLATT**, revived after a while, and sustained himself by a novel system of political blackmail. This is now rapidly spending its charm, and unless all the signs of the times deceive, his collapse is near at hand, to leave an especially sulphurous smell behind it, and to add his name to the instructive list of warning examples.

CARL SCHURZ.

“'CHANGE ALLEY,” THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK,
Written by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, and performed by E. H. Sothern and his Company. Scene in the Fury Tavern, in Act I.—[See Page 922]

ENTRANCES AND EXITS—CORNER OF TREMONT AND PARK STREETS.

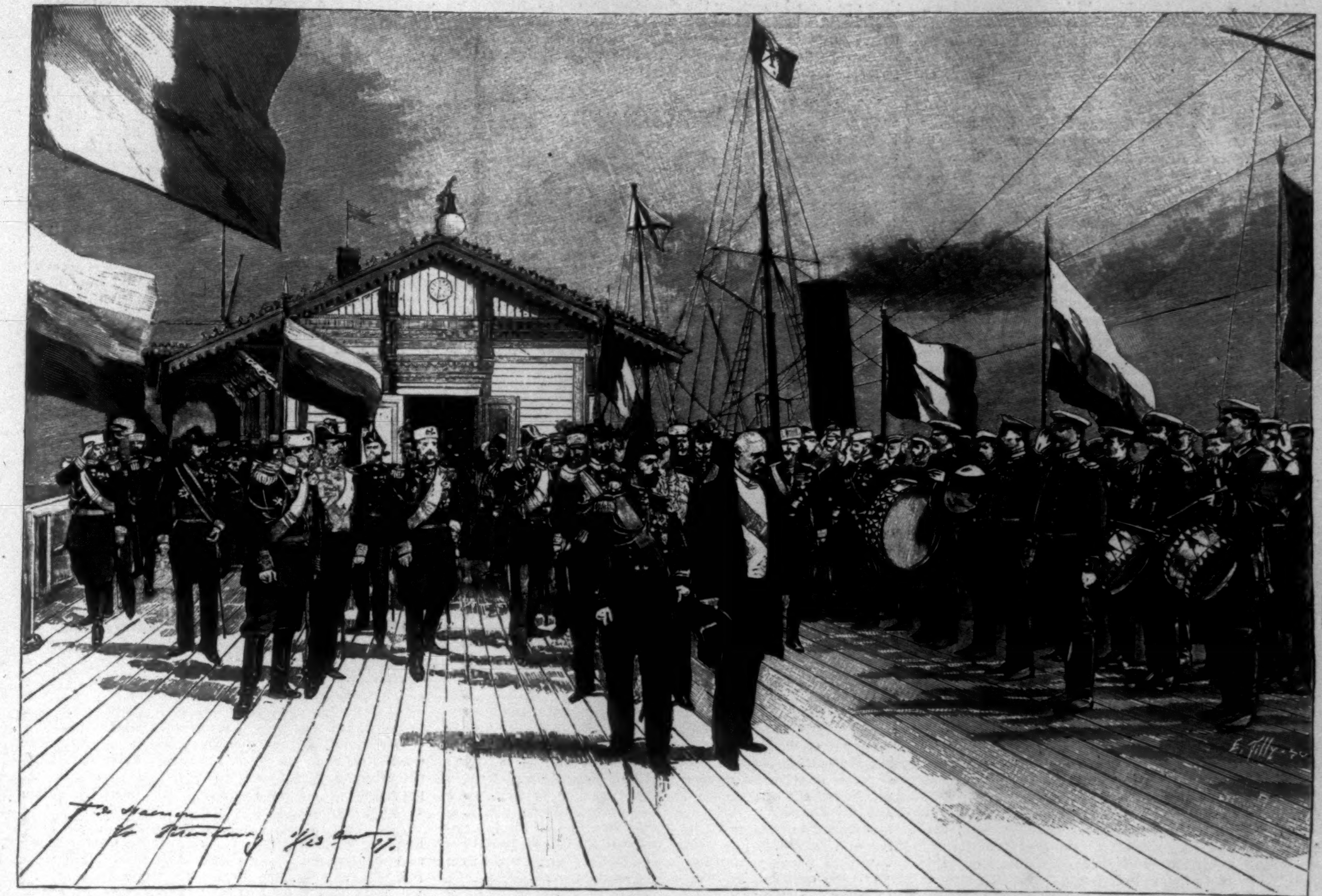


INTERIOR OF A STATION, SHOWING TICKET-OFFICE.

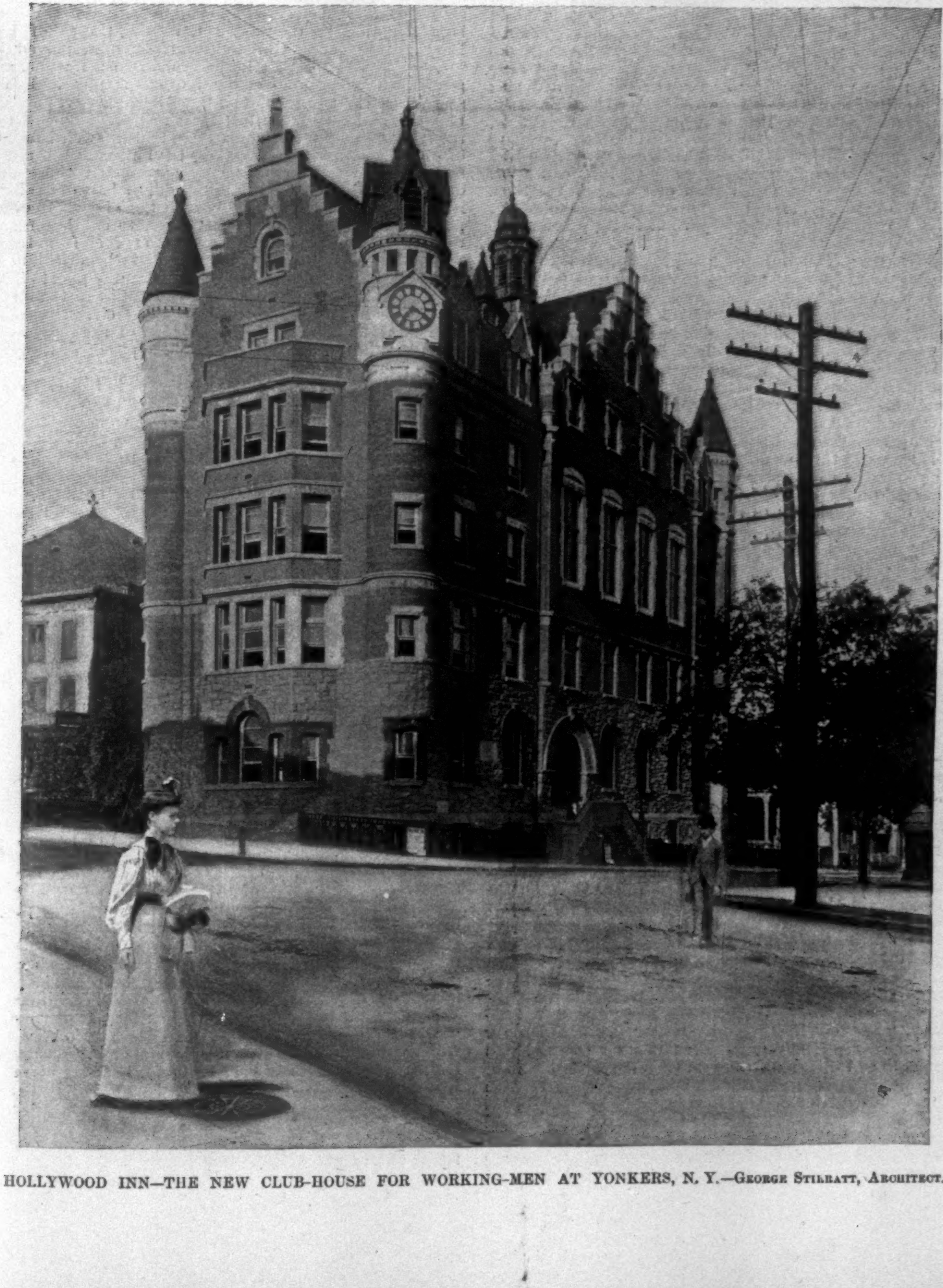
SECTION UNDER TREMONT STREET, SOUTH OF BOYLSTON STREET.

LOOKING OUT TOWARD PUBLIC GARDEN ENTRANCE.

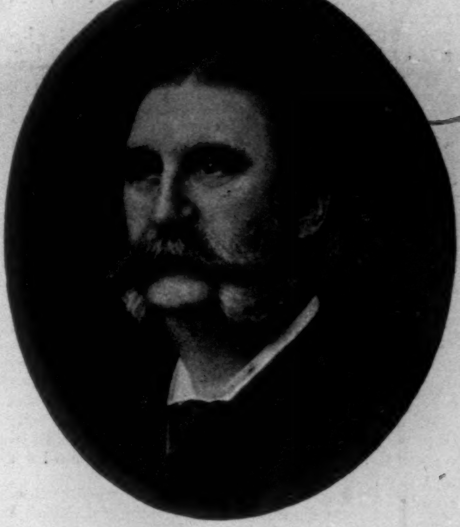
BOSTON'S NEW SUBWAY FOR STREET-RAILWAY CARS.—[See Page 934.]



PRESIDENT FAURE'S VISIT TO RUSSIA—THE TSAR AND THE PRESIDENT AT THE QUAY AT PETERHOF.
The Field Music of the Guard playing the "Marseillaise."—From *L'Illustration*.—[See Page 935.]



HOLLYWOOD INN—THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE FOR WORKING-MEN AT YONKERS, N. Y.—George Stilbatt, Architect.



WILLIAM F. COCHRAN,
Donor of Hollywood Inn.

THE HOLLYWOOD INN.

To possess the ideal working-man's club, which is an admitted advance on Toynbee Hall, on London's People's Palace, on all of the famous working-men's homes of Germany, and on everything in this country, is no small achievement. Yet no less than this is claimed for Hollywood Inn, just opened in the city of Yonkers, New York. This city adjoins the city of New York. Its population of about 40,000 is made up almost entirely of mill operatives, their families, and the small traders who cater to them, and of New York business men.

A few years ago a society of young men in one of the churches started a reading-room. The object was church extension; the method something designed to veil it. It had the experience of most of such attempts to inculcate religion while making believe to do something else. It failed. The society then abandoned indirect evangelization and became a purely social club. Its visitors grew so numerous that it was unable to bear the financial burden. Some public-spirited men paid its debts, and introduced a pool-table and a restaurant. These made it practically self-supporting, the number of visitors, drawn from the large working population, reaching at certain seasons of the year as many as 3000 per week.

Observing the character of the work, Mr. William F. Cochran, a gentleman whose benefactions to Yonkers are by no means limited to the instance here described, offered to erect a club-house for the

Inn provided the sum of $3000 would be guaranteed for a period of three years as a maintenance fund. This guarantee fund was soon raised by citizens of Yonkers. A board of trustees was organized, with the Rev. James E. Freeman, rector of St. Andrew's Memorial Church, as chairman. A commanding site in Getty Square, the business centre of the city, was chosen, and on Labor day last year the corner-stone of the building was laid. Then the donor and the chairman of the board of trustees went to Europe and examined all similar clubs there. Returning, they modelled Hollywood Inn after none of them, but took what they considered the best points of all of them.

The result is a handsome stone and brick structure, an ornament to the city, finished inside with every comfort and appointment. On the first floor a large reading-room and library fronts the square. It is open to the general public, which may come here to read, and its books may be taken home by members and their families. The library contains nearly 15,000 volumes. On the same floor, in the rear, and facing the side street, is the club-room, filled with easy-chairs, and furnished with piano, a large fireplace, and plenty of newspapers. Adjoining is a lunch-room, where everything is well cooked and well served, but inexpensive.

On the floors above are separate gymnasiums for men and for boys, both equally complete. There are also separate club-rooms for men and for boys, and rooms in which classes will be formed for instruction in the occupations in which members are engaged during the day. The aim is to help fit new men for such positions as offer in the mills of the city, and to enable men already holding such positions to add to their knowledge of their trades in order to deserve advancement. In the very centre of the building, and occupying two of the stories, is the assembly hall. The ceiling is panelled in dark wood, and the walls are frescoed. There are seats for five hundred. Here are to be given entertainments of all kinds, for members and their families.

In the basement are the billiard-room and the baths. The former is said to be the largest in the State of New York, and the latter is fitted with every possible convenience. Baths also adjoin the gymnasiums, and there are separate ones for men and for boys. Indeed, the boy is never forgotten, nor compelled to put up with quarters inferior to those allotted to the men.

Membership in the Hollywood Club is open to all working-men. The dues are six dollars per year for men and three dollars per year for boys, and these sums may be paid in instalments. Dues include everything except cues in the pool games, lunches at the restaurant, and instruction in the educational classes. They include also a specified number of free tickets to the entertainments in Assembly Hall. Already a very large number of membership tickets have been taken up. The club-rooms, lately vacated for the new building, were floors above stores, and during the winter season were sufficiently well patronized to make the club self-supporting. Hence no doubt is felt that the club will be able, in its new quarters, to pay its own way during most of the year without drawing upon its guarantee maintenance fund. It is estimated that the number of visitors during the year will reach 200,000 or 250,000.

The aim of the Hollywood Inn is to form a bridge between the world and the church, although inside the Inn, or in connection with its work, the church end of the "bridge" is never to be mentioned. Incidentally it is a competitor of the saloon. Its social attractiveness is as subtle, its lights as bright, and its gilt as glittering. Yet it has none of the evils of the saloon, but in its place an educational advantage open not alone to the working-man, but to his wife, his son, his daughter, his relatives.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *August 22, 1897.*

The farmers are the aristocrats of Germany. They own the land and they fill most of the offices in and out of the army. There will be a fight next year between these and the industrial elements of the country to determine whether the landlords shall or shall not tax the rest of their fellow-countrymen for the benefit of their special industry—that is to say, the agrarians propose to discourage, if not prohibit, the use of American foodstuffs in order to force the people of Germany to buy German food at higher prices.

With us the aristocracy has been of the opposite character—manufacturers who have sought to maintain high prices for their products by placing heavy taxes upon manufactured articles from other countries.

The Prussian agrarians recently concluded that the Produce Exchange in Berlin was the cause of their agricultural depression, so they got the government to pass regulations regarding brokerage in grain so unbusinesslike that the members of the Exchange decided that it was not worth their while to keep their legal meeting-place open. They dissolved the Berlin Produce Exchange and hired a room across the way, where they transacted business, not so conveniently, but more tolerably than under the proposed restrictions. But even this lame substitute for a well-organized produce exchange excited the displeasure of the government, and it was declared illegal as not having first obtained police permission. The triumph of the farmer aristocracy was now complete, and they looked for an immediate beginning of good times from having, as they fancied, done away with the hated broker or middle-man.

What was, however, their surprise in discovering that they had only bitten off their noses to spite their faces? They had now no official quotations, and consequently each farmer was forced to accept the price current of his own neighborhood, and usually was at the mercy of a local dealer who was not bound by any rules excepting such as he made himself. The broker, meanwhile, transacted business with his fellow-brokers from office to office, by post or telephone, with the great advantage that he no longer was subject to the government tax or police meddling. The only loser has been the agrarian, and the government is naturally furious at being beaten with its own weapons.

This story is interesting because of its wide applicability. It may soothe the feelings of that large class of citizens who run to the government for assistance whenever they are forced to suffer the consequences of over-production or absence of industrial foresight. In parenthesis let us note that the agrarians of Germany, like the Bryanites of the West, are mostly in favor of paying their debts in silver rather than gold.

It is a dreadful thing to live in such strained relations with one's neighbors that history dares not discuss what happened more than a century ago. It is hard to imagine any secrets between Americans and English dating so far back, excepting such as relate to spies and loyalists. But in Prussia the government does not allow the political testament of Frederick the Great to be published, because of language therein which is calculated to offend Austrian and Russian sensibilities. History-writing in Germany is difficult only as regards Germany history. No German has yet written a fair history of his own country, and if a reason is sought, it may be found by reference to the powers who have forbidden the publication of so weighty state papers as the farewell address of Prussia's greatest king. It was with some surprise that a few months ago I was refused access to the correspondence of Queen Luise, who died eighty-seven years ago, and whose influence upon the history of her country was singularly beneficent and powerful. My case, I discovered, was not singular, for eminent German professors had been denied as well. I can imagine no reason for this secrecy excepting that the government desires nothing published that shall detract from the pretended greatness of the present Emperor's ancestors.

The Frenchman is not individually a more fair-minded or scholarly man than the German, yet Frenchmen have contributed infinitely more to the world's knowledge of French history than has been done for Germany by the scholars of the father-land.

At one time I was inclined to think that our pension list was the grandest swindle that could be legally foisted upon a long-suffering body of tax-payers. It did seem pretty bad that thirty years after the close of our great civil war we should suddenly vote millions upon millions for claimants, most of whom had not the right to ask anything of the government. But bad as is our pension list, it is one that must in the course of years become extinct, and represents, after all, only waste of a definite sum of money. Germany, however, adopts the policy of providing civil employment to her worn-out soldiers—that is to say, she is not willing to give them money and let them retire, but she offers them small-salaried posts where they have it in their power to do an amount of mischief infinitely greater than could be repaired by the saving in pensions. The huge military establishment maintained here turns off every year a large number of officers and men who are entitled by law to be cared for at the public expense. These are pushed into positions as postmasters, railway clerks, express agents, tax-collectors. The thrifty Frederick the Great inaugurated this policy from motives of economy, and also from a belief that no one but a soldier could be trusted. In early times the business of a postmaster was so exclusively limited to effecting rapid communication by means of post-horses that a retired cavalry officer was by no means a bad man for such positions in general. Nowadays, however, steam and electricity make upon postal and railway officials demands which only special training in these branches can satisfy.

I remember hearing Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale, in a discussion of free labor *versus* slave labor, declare that the most improved American machinery, handled by our best mechanics at the market-price of American labor, would have built the Great Wall of China or the Suez Canal more cheaply, more rapidly, and more substantially than was done in these cases by what is supposed to be the cheapest of all cheap labor.

I think the same professor would demonstrate that if Germany would to-day place her railway and postal interests in the hands of high-priced, efficient officials she would, in the economic advantages accruing to the whole country, not only be able to give handsome pensions to her worn-out soldiers, but make a handsome profit into the bargain. It seems inevitable that monarchical governments should encourage the widest possible extension of bureaucracy or official rule, especially if those officials have been drilled to passive obedience as soldiers. Kings and emperors cannot know much of political economy, and if they did they would no doubt still conclude that the national wealth of a country was of small importance compared to security against revolution. This is, no doubt, one reason why the German government encourages the extension of official activity to every possible branch of human industry. At the same time, an official finds no particular encouragement towards inventing labor-saving machinery or devising means of doing work rapidly.

It would be a sad day when the United States government should imitate Germany to the extent of nationalizing railways. We suffer grave abuses at the hands of many transportation companies, and the individual States might do much more than they do now to protect the rights of passengers as well as those of the railways. But the example of Germany makes me feel that even with all we suffer we are better off economically than Germany in this respect; or, let me say, rather, better than all continental Europe.

There is no train between any two of the great Continental cities that compares with the expresses joining a dozen or more American centres. Such cities as Berlin and Paris are, in the matter of train service, on a level with third-rate American towns. Aside from a few short runs, such as Berlin to Hamburg or Frankfort or Cologne, the German trains loaf along at a rate of speed little faster than that of a fast trotting horse. The stations are big and beautiful; the conductors and station-masters wear highly decorated uniforms; but there is much waste of time and rolling-stock, and the authorities treat the travelling public much as a third-class man treats the incoming plebes at West Point. When a German railway superintendent makes out his time-table he expects it to last for three months. If any unexpected popular event should happen to call thousands of extra travellers over his lines, he is not pleased, as would be an American or English railway-man, but is inclined to resent a disturbance of his preconceived notions of how his travelling public should behave. His salary has nothing whatever to do with the increase or diminution of railway travel, and he regards it as an impertinence when unexpected crowds buy tickets of him. It is a bold citizen who dares ask questions of a German station-master. He does it with his hat in his hand and fully prepared for a snarling answer. Of course any one in uniform is most politely treated.

A beautiful American lady, well known in the best social circles of New York, and who is earning her living by hard work, was in Berlin recently, and told me that she proposed going to jail on arrival home. Of course I expressed abundant surprise, whereupon she gave her views regarding the present custom-house regulations, which by no means flattered the authors of our tariff. She said that she was accustomed to travel with abundant clothing, and if any official pretended to dictate to an American woman whether she should be the owner of clothing worth either more or less than one hundred dollars she would go to jail rather than submit to such personal tyranny. She had been traversing the frontiers of every European country, and was indignant at the idea that she should find in her own country petty custom-house regulations which would be regarded as antiquated by Russia or Spain.

Poultney Bigelow.

MR. SOTHERN IN "'CHANGE ALLEY."

In casting about for an explanation of Mr. E. H. Sothern's choice of *'Change Alley* as the play for his new season, which opened in New York at the Lyceum Theatre on the night of September 6, one immediately thinks of the present fondness among actors and managers for sumptuous "productions." Mr. Sothern was evidently allured by the opportunities the piece presented for the making of fine stage pictures. Think of all the inadequate plays that have been forced into popularity by the luxurious manner in which they were staged! Sometimes it seems as if the play were no longer the thing, as if, indeed, it were the last thing thought of.

'Change Alley is a perfect example of this kind of drama. It might have been written around the five sets of scenery through which the piece moves, and around the costumes of the actors. There is no denying that the settings were all picturesque, that the scene in 'Change Alley was a fine reproduction of Hogarth's famous picture, that the costumes of the actors were accurately copied from the dress of the early eighteenth century, and were very beautiful. On the other hand, when the actors delivered their lines, the illusion was marred. But that, of course, was the play, and, as I have intimated, in *'Change Alley* the play was not the thing.

And yet, in writing this piece, Mr. Louis N. Parker had the co-operation of Mr. Murray Carson, an actor, and ever since Pinero and Augustus Thomas, and a few other ex-actors, began to write successful plays, we have been told that a knowledge of stage *technique* is of the highest importance in dramatic construction. This means, of course, that the actor, knowing the value of situation, is bound in making a play to create as many situations, and as thrilling, as he possibly can. *'Change Alley* certainly contains situations. There is a situation in the first act, in the tavern of The Fury, where young Christopher Heartright, played by Mr. Sothern, learns that he has inherited a fortune, and proceeds to fling gold coin all over the place. In the second act Heartright, now a "gentleman," gives a great banquet, and very beautifully it is managed, too—that is, the settings and the banquet table and the weird retinue of old servitors, and a very beautiful picture the guests make as they trip to the tables, particularly the stately dowagers and sweet Celia Fallowfield, "a lady of quality," madly loved, of course, by her host. The cook disappoints them, and they have not much to eat, but for all that they are merry, and they call for a speech from Heartright, who rises and explains that it is beautiful to be rich because you have money to give to the poor! Then they begin to talk about the great South Sea Company, and to cheer for it—and this is the first clear suggestion we receive that the hero is in the toils of the stupendous swindle. In other words, the pivotal episode of the piece seems merely incidental.

The third act, however, which passes in Sadler's Wells Gardens, is dramatic enough. Heartright, forced into a duel by the aged husband of a young woman who loves him, but for whom he has never cared, allows himself to be wounded. The woman runs to help him; but, suddenly confronted by Celia, she is obliged to give him up. The wound proves to be by no means serious, and it is forgotten toward the close of the act, when the news is brought to Heartright of the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, which means his own ruin. He receives it manfully enough, and turns to his friends for a word of sympathy. But not a word do they offer; instead, they all, literally, turn the cold shoulder to him—that is, all but Celia, who gazes at him through tears. As soon as he leaves them, however, the astonished spectator learns that they were only speechless from grief, and that they are going to devise means for saving him!

Whatever plausibility may have been left in the drama at the close of the third act is, at the beginning of the fourth, thrown to the winds, and 'Change Alley, with its constant suggestion of Hogarth, becomes the scene of a series of wild acts in which the mild-mannered Celia, with the assistance of other faithful friends of the hero, tries to save his fortune by main force. The best that can be said of this act is that it has movement and color, and that in its concession to romantic melodrama it becomes absolutely *naive*. The last act, of course, brings the two lovers together in one of those unions that promise so beautifully for the happiness of both the young people because they are so utterly unprepared for it.

As the hero, Mr. Sothern made a graceful and attractive figure, and in his lighter moments he acted with a great deal of charm. Throughout the piece, however, he never missed an opportunity to be almost weakly sentimental. Whenever he was called upon to express tenderness he would raise the tone of his voice and speak in a way wholly different from his natural manner. Miss Harned had a rather thankless part in Celia, but she played it with genuinely artistic restraint and with delightful simplicity. Mr. Buckstone gave an excellent characterization of the old sailor, One Hundred and One, and Mr. Marshall Stedman presented in Sir Barely Standing the curious figure of an eighteenth-century fop.

John D. Barry.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Sir Isaac Holden, who died last month in England, attained his ninety-first year, an exploit which has attracted the more attention because his old age was laborious, useful, and edifying, and because he was a delicate man with a system. He set out comparatively early in life to live as long as possible. In the matter of exercise his rule was to spend at least two hours a day in the open air, and it is told of him that on first going to work in his youth he agreed with his employer that instead of having a yearly vacation, he should have an hour every afternoon in which to take a walk. In the use of alcohol he was decidedly abstemious, yet not a total abstainer, and he smoked tobacco moderately. In diet his chief peculiarity was that he avoided bread, thinking it undesirable food for a person who wished to live long, because of its excessive starchiness and the amount of earthy matter that it left in the system. His chief foods in his later years were meats, soups, and fruits. He said, a few years ago, that for breakfast he ate a baked apple, an orange, about twenty grapes, and a biscuit made of bananas; for midday dinner about three ounces of beef or mutton, and sometimes a half-cupful of soup. When he ate fish, he took less meat. His supper was like his breakfast. He seems to have been somewhat precise as to the quantity of food he took, yet he was not a man who lived in a glass case or by invariable rules, for he was long a member of the House of Commons, and when over eighty years old he saw the sessions out at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, and smoked long cigars in the smoking-room. From what is recorded of his gastronomical preferences, it may be surmised that he would have made a congenial table companion for Pope Leo XIII.

One of the habits favorable to longevity not mentioned in connection with Sir Isaac Holden is to live within your income. It was not the four kinds of bread that he used to eat at breakfast that cut off Sir Walter Scott. It was debt. It would be interesting to know, if any statistician could compute it, by how much the average life of the present generation in this country has been shortened by the financial worries of the last four years.

The Boston Library explicitly denies the story lately circulated that it kept its anarchist and socialist literature under lock and key and declined to let readers have access to it. Mr. Lindsay Swift, of the Library staff, who was named as authority for this story, disclaims it with jeers and lamentations in a letter to *Time and The Hour*. Librarian Putnam also has been at the pains to deny it. The only books the Boston Library withholds from general readers are such as are conspicuously unfit for the perusal of young persons, and such as are of such exceptional value as to require special care.

The owners of property abutting on Copley Square in Boston have agreed in recommending to the city to change the street lines about the square in some particulars, and to put an octagonal grass-plot in the centre of it. Another plan, which provided for a sunken garden with masonry, balustrades, and what is described as "monumental treatment," has failed as yet to find sufficient support to make its adoption probable. One of the objections to it is that it offers "appalling opportunities for sculpture," and that, of course, is an objection that any one can understand. Some day, however, when the generation that rejected the Bacchante rests in Mount Auburn, the sculpture will come, for Copley Square is a grand site for a statue, and a proper effigy of a proper person would do well there. And who would be the proper person? Adam? Possibly. Michael Angelo? No; no European. Julia Ward Howe? No, not Mrs. Howe, nor Theodore Parker, nor Charles Sumner, nor any modern now of record, but some giant, unborn or unsuspected, whose opportunity has not come yet.

A sensational rumor to the effect that M. Paderewski has had his hair cut and is learning to ride the bicycle has not been fully confirmed at this writing, but is not improbable. M. Paderewski is nobody's fool (as they say in New Hampshire), and has substantial claims to public consideration which are independent of such details as the length of his locks.

The young Prince of Teck, from whom Lenox seems to expect a visit, is twenty-three years old, and is an officer of the 7th British Hussars. He is responsive to the name of Alexander Augustus Frederick William Alfred George. He was born in Kensington Palace. His mother is the daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of King George III. His sister is the wife of the Duke of York.

The energies of the Nebraska branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are reported to be engaged in an attempt to prevent the use of real weapons by the high-school cadets in the State public schools. At present the State provides real muskets for the boys to drill with, but these ladies are said to maintain that the young men of the State should be taught peaceful methods of settling disputes, and that exercises with fire-arms are not conducive to that sort of instruction. In this position, if it is really true that they have taken it, the Nebraska Christian Unionists seem to show themselves not quite up to the times. The modern idea of the use of trained soldiers is to prevent fighting and to compel the peaceful settlement of disputes. All Europe is armed, not for conquest or to bring about the rule of the sword, but for fear some one may commit a breach of the peace. When there is a railroad strike or any sort of eruption of the workers or the unemployed in Nebraska, and the militia are called out, what are the armed soldiers used for? To settle a dispute by force? Not a bit. To compel a settlement by legal, peaceable methods. So the modern idea is that to teach soldiering to schoolboys is not to make warriors of them, but men of peace.

After all, though, to make instructive comments on the actions of the Christian Unionists in the West is a thankless task, since no sooner is an apparent indiscretion criticised than Miss Frances Willard reports that it never happened; or, if it did happen, that the W. C. T. U. was not responsible.

The Kansas City *Journal* scoffs cheerfully at a recent paragraph in this page of the Weekly which spoke of August as "the season of suspended energy." That is the difference, says the *Journal*, between city and country, between East and West, and it invites any town-haunting Easterner who "wants to see for the first time in his life what 'hustle' means to take a trip through the season of languor to the bounding and abounding fields of Kansas and the markets adjacent."

The *Journal* is right enough in pointing out that the dull season in town is the busy season in the country; but, after all, the dull season in town is only relatively dull. The number of persons at work on Manhattan Island even in August must exceed very considerably the number at work in the State of Kansas. It is probable, therefore, that a Kansas man who came to New York in midsummer would think that there was a good deal going on. Outside of Gotham in New York State agriculture is still carried on, and though the yield of corn and wheat may seem somewhat trifling as compared with Kansas crops, when other grains, and fruit, and hops, and teazles, and mint, and garden truck, and dairy products, and livestock, and wool, and chickens, and eggs, and everything else that New York farmers raise are heaped up together, the total must be respectable even beside the products of Kansas. By the census of 1890 the estimated value of farm products in New York State in 1889 was $161,593,009. In Kansas in the same year it was $95,070,080. It is probable that this year agricultural comparisons may be more favorable to Kansas. Let us hope so. New York is still a pretty fair farmer State, but since the value of her manufactured products has come to be ten times as great as that of her agricultural products, she has ceased to talk as much as formerly about her various crops.

Edward L. Pierce, of Massachusetts, who died in Paris on September 5, was, like his brother, the late Henry L. Pierce, a public-spirited and useful citizen, who has left behind a good record of services done for good government and the State. Perhaps he will be longest remembered as the biographer of Charles Sumner. He was an intimate friend of Sumner and one of his literary executors, and devoted nearly ten years of labor to a comprehensive memoir, of which two volumes appeared in 1877 and two more about a year ago. Mr. Pierce was born in Stoughton, Massachusetts, in 1829, was graduated at Brown University in 1850, and at the Harvard Law School two years later. He took rank early as a student and essayist, and his essay on Secret Suffrage, published in 1853, won wide attention, and caused him to be named in later years as the father of ballot reform. He began his law practice in the office of Salmon P. Chase in Cincinnati, and there began a treatise on railroad law which, in its revised and amplified form, is still widely used in law practice. Late in the fifties he moved back to Boston, became a leader in the new Republican party, and was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln. In the months preceding the war he wrote and spoke constantly, and when the fighting began enlisted as private in a Massachusetts regiment. In 1861 Secretary Chase sent him to look after the negroes on the abandoned plantations of the sea islands of the Carolinas, a work which he managed with distinction until, in 1863, he became a collector of internal revenue in Massachusetts. After the war he held many offices, representative and appointive, in Massachusetts. From 1869 to 1874 he was secretary of the State Board of Charities, and made reports which are still valued and consulted. The latter years of his life were devoted to the service of his State and town, to the discussion of public questions, and to literary work. In 1890 he ran for Congress against the late John F. Andrew, but was defeated. At the time of his death he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

Two different conceptions of spiritual matters are illustrated by two recent addresses. One was that of Dr. Bucke of London, before the section of psychology of the British Medical Association, at Montreal. Dr. Bucke told his fellow-doctors of the new and higher form of consciousness which is making its appearance in human beings. There have been cases of it, he said, for the last 2000 years, and it is growing more and more common. It occurs, when it does occur, between the ages of thirty and forty. Many more or less perfect examples of it exist, he said, in the world to-day, and he himself had known personally and had studied several men and women who possessed it. In the course of a few more millenniums, he thought, there would be born from the present human race a higher type of man possessing this higher consciousness, which would make the long labors and slow processes of earth seem worth while. "A higher consciousness superimposed on self-consciousness as is that faculty on simple consciousness"—so Dr. Bucke describes this growing phenomenon. He speaks of something that many a contemporary mind has brooded over, and from time to time recurs to.

But Dr. Bucke's faith in the development of humanity would apparently find little sympathy in the mind of Dr. Simpson of the Christian Alliance. Dr. Simpson wants immediate results. "A few more millenniums" have no place in his philosophy. A newspaper report of an address of his at one of the recent Alliance meetings on South Mountain, near Nyack, represents him as saying: "We do not want the kind of religion that makes men good little by little. . . . We are going down to the last days. . . . The time is growing shorter. We are in the evening time of the world."

There is more solace for sober-minded and thoughtful people in Dr. Bucke's anticipations than in Dr. Simpson's ominous forecast, but Dr. Simpson is exceedingly efficient in his line, and, as will be remembered, is noted far and near for the immense collections that he is able to take up.

Either the great demand for gold has so stimulated prospecting that rich discoveries are being made in unprecedented numbers, or else the great demand for stories about "bonanzas" has stimulated the human imagination. No doubt the situation includes both elements. Gold has been turning up in new places at short intervals for years past, but now every new discovery seems to be "enormously rich," and, if possible, richer than the Klondike diggings. Inspired by Alaska and the Northwest, California, Washington, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, and British Columbia have developed mineral sensations, and there seems to be not even a temporary exhaustion of the supply. Mr. Clarence King, formerly chief of the United States Geological Survey, is credited with a prophecy of the approach of the day when a chain of mining-camps will extend from Cape Horn to St. Michaels. Mr. King knows a good deal about the ingredients of the backbone of the Western Hemisphere; events seem to be hastening to make his forecast good.

Providence permitting, and unless the bottom drops out of the peace of Europe, there will be a world's fair in Paris in the year 1900. The fact is known, but as yet has made little impression on the minds of Americans. Congress and the President have taken so much thought about it as to appoint a special commissioner to look after the interests of American exhibitions. This gentleman, Major Moses P. Handy, sailed for France on August 28 with his secretary, Colonel Chaillé-Long, and Lieutenant Baker, of the navy, to make application for such space as seems likely to be needed by American exhibitors. Major Handy thinks that 500,000 square feet of space will not be too much for Uncle Sam. Towards the filling of it Congress is expected to appropriate at least half a million dollars.

Over ten thousand dollars ($10,820 50) has been turned over to Harvard University by the committee on the Child Memorial Fund. The money will provide an income for the purchase of books and manuscripts relating to the subjects of the courses in English which Professor Child used to teach. This transfer marks the completion of a successful effort to keep alive in Harvard the memory of one of her best men and most faithful and eminent teachers.

It has been unofficially announced that President Andrews of Brown University thinks it best to let his resignation stand, and to concentrate his energies on the furtherance of Mr. Brisben Walker's scheme of the Cosmopolitan University. This decision was reached on September 7. It leaves Brown University in a much better position than if its corporation had accepted Dr. Andrews's resignation at its first meeting. The trustees have done all that they could do to set themselves right before the public. It cannot be said of them now that they drove Dr. Andrews out. Their action is a vindication of Dr. Andrews as well as of themselves. It has amounted to a verdict acquitting him of the charge of conduct unbecoming a college president. There is no question about Dr. Andrews's personal popularity at Brown. Many members of the faculty, in a letter congratulating him on the action of the corporation, solicited him to withdraw his resignation, "as an act of general reconciliation, expressing the union now firmly established between all who have the institution's interests at heart—corporation, faculty, alumni, and undergraduates." "Most of all," ran this letter, "we urge you to remain with us because of our personal esteem for yourself, and because of the influence we believe you exert upon the student body." These gentlemen, it would seem, do not share the impression imputed to Dr. Andrews himself, that his influence at Brown is at an end.

Consul-General Lee's version of the Evangelina Cisneros story must be mortifying to that lady's preservers in this country. As quoted in the *Evening Post*, he said on September 8, the day he reached New York:

> The young woman is now confined in Casa Recohidas. She has never been tried, and I do not think that it was ever intended that she should be banished. The stories of her ill treatment are very much exaggerated, and were it not for the hubbub which has been raised about her, the girl would probably have been released long ago. In fact, I was given to understand that her name was on the pardon-list. She has comfortable quarters, and is treated as well as possible under the conditions.

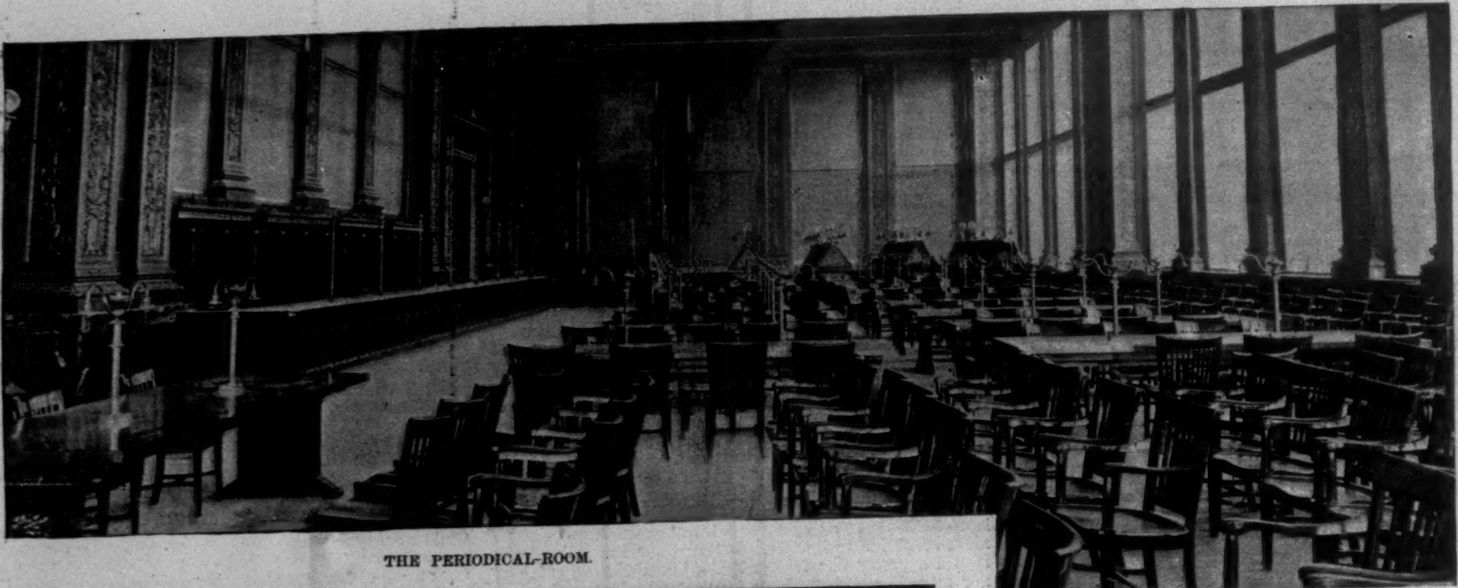
Señorita Cisneros seems to have reason to pray to be delivered from her friends. One Cuban story seems good only until another is told, and not very good even during that interval.

A Boston firm publishes a conspicuous advertisement of astride-riding saddles for ladies. It is no longer an uncommon sight to see women riding astride, nor does there seem to be any sound objection to that method of riding for women who like it. But it is not as pleasing as the old method, at least not in its present development, with a divided-skirt costume. Boots and breeches might help it as a spectacle.

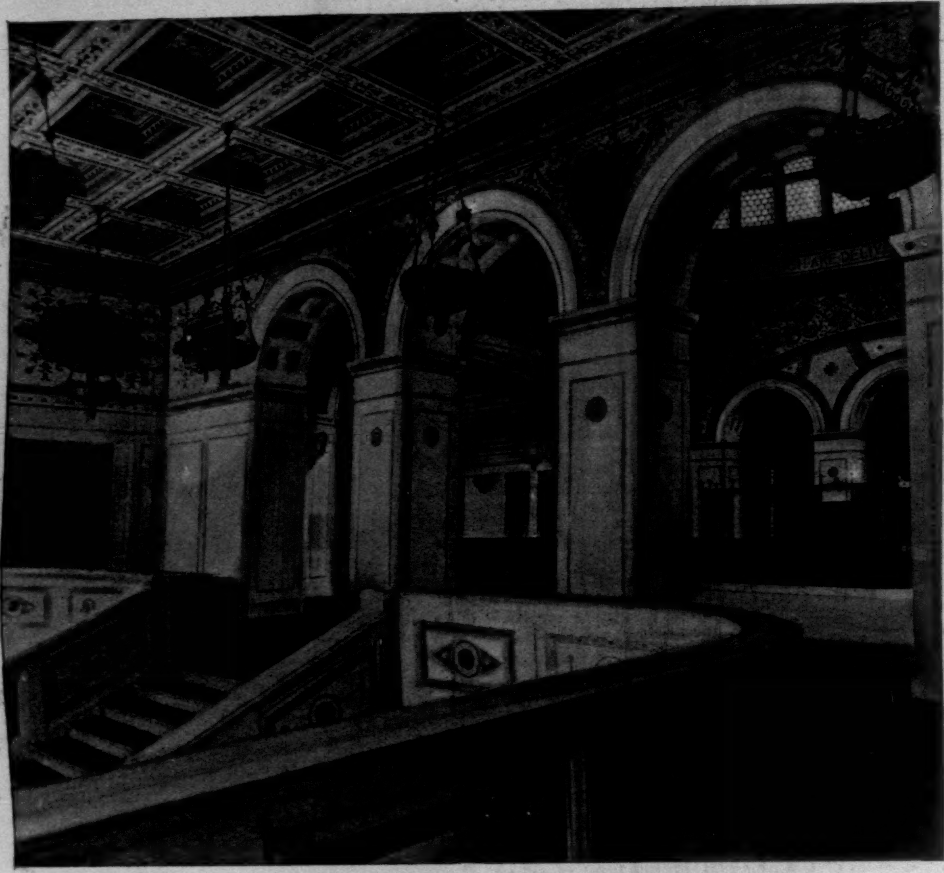
An interesting work that has been in progress in Washington for the past fortnight has been the moving of the books from the old Congressional Library to the new building. The work has been so systematized that it is a gratification to the orderly mind to read the details of it. The head master of the moving seems to have been Mr. Bernard Green, the engineer who stood over the erection of the new Library. Mr. Green is credited with planning the transfer. He contracted for enough express-wagons to carry the books from one building to another within a reasonable number of days; he built chutes on which to slide the books in boxes down from the galleries of the Library and down the steps on the east side of the Capitol. He made boxes, each large enough to hold one shelfful of books, and which fitted into the chutes. Then the work began. One shelfful of books at a time was placed in undisturbed order in a box, together with a card on which was marked its exact location in the new building. Then the box went down the chute to the Library floor, out to the second chute, and down that and into an express-wagon, in which with other boxes it was carried to the new building. There, after the books had been dusted while still in their box by a searching and purifying blast of air from a mechanical blower, they went to their appointed shelf, and settled down once more. For greater security against the straying of individual books, each book before it was removed had pasted on its back a label showing the department it belonged in. Mr. Spofford, in charge in the old Library, sent the books out with his benediction; Mr. Young, in the new building, received them.

It is not settled yet what use will be made of the old quarters of the Library in the Capitol. They may be turned into a restaurant, leaving the present restaurant to be used for committee-rooms, or into general reading and writing rooms for members.

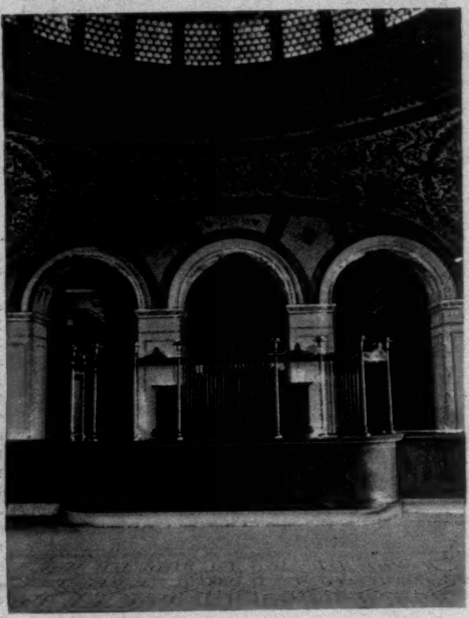
E. S. Martin.



THE PERIODICAL-ROOM.

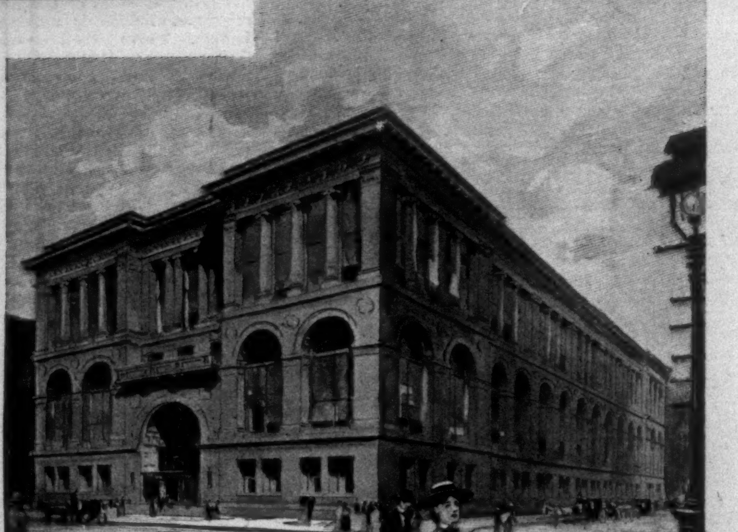


VIEW OF DELIVERY-ROOM FLOOR FROM STAIRWAY.



DESK IN DELIVERY-ROOM.

SECTION IN DELIVERY-ROOM.



WASHINGTON STREET AND MICHIGAN AVENUE FAÇADES.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, Architects.—[See Page 934.]

IN VERY HOT WATER.

BY OWEN HALL.

IT was at the beginning of June, 1886, that I found myself in New Zealand. The reason of my visit was unromantic, yet fully sufficient. It may, indeed, be expressed in a single word—"rheumatism." I was a rheumatic patient—if indeed a sufferer from rheumatism can ever with propriety be called a "patient." Patient! Good heavens! Fancy a man patient who is helpless, yet racked with pains, each of them enough to provoke a war-dance! Laid by from work, yet deprived of the consoling dignity of danger. Picture him with red-hot joints and swollen limbs, not ill enough to evoke the anxiety of friends and relatives, yet ill-tempered enough to nip tender sympathy in its earliest bud. Heaven knows, there may be rheumatic patients who are patient indeed, just as there may be saints who are saintly, but they are rare, and it did not fall to my lot to make one of the select band. No, in that sense I certainly was not a patient, but I certainly was a sufferer. I had caught my rheumatism in Afghanistan, when I was attached to the frontier commission. From thence I was invalided home, when, like a celebrated character of antiquity, I suffered many things at the hands of many physicians, and was nothing the better, but rather grew worse. Allopathy, hydropathy, homœopathy, one and all did their best—or their worst—and one and all failed to cure me. I had nauseous medicines from one doctor, tasteless medicines from another. I had the waters of one famous bath applied externally, and the nasty liquids which go by the name of waters from half a dozen famous springs applied internally. But all to no purpose. The rheumatism was obstinate, and the doctors were puzzled. In a happy moment one of them suggested New Zealand. There, it was said, springs could be found that would cure any rheumatism. There, if anywhere, I might reasonably hope to get rid of mine. It was a long way to go for a cure, indeed, but no way could be too long that ended in recovery. For myself, I confess I was not sanguine. The chances were that New Zealand would do no good. I knew it, but I took the chances.

It was in this way that upon the 6th of June, 1886, I found myself seated, in somewhat of a Turkish attitude, on an air-cushion on the floor of a Maori whare (or hut) belonging to the old chief Mohi (Moses), in the native village of Rukuhia, within a hundred yards of Lake Rotomahaua, in the hot-lake district of New Zealand.

I was better already. It was but ten days since I had arrived, but ten days had done wonders. When I was brought to the village I had been lifted out of the canoe and carried on a rug into the hut, and the operation, though careful, had been a painful one. Now I could move about on crutches with but little suffering. For the whole ten days I had led an existence on the damp side of amphibious. Morning, noon, and night had found me immersed in one or other bath, whose slender jet of steam sprang from amongst the scrub and fern in the close neighborhood of Mohi's village. Mohi himself was the most arbitrary of physicians. Not all the diplomas of all the schools could have given him a more unswerving faith in his own knowledge or more unbounded confidence in his own remedies; and in spite of the progress I had made, he was by no means satisfied. He evidently thought I should be making even more rapid progress still, for the honor of his own special baths, and the consequent fame and profit likely to accrue to his tribe as their owners and guardians. Day after day he had moved me from one steaming caldron to another, giving me at every change the benefit of something hotter, until I began to wonder at what temperature water and steam became too much for human endurance. I was destined to solve the problem, though at the time I little dreamt of it.

The life, if strange and uncivilized, was not without its pleasures. There is something narcotic about these steamy exhalations; and one soon grows reconciled to doing nothing but soak for hours in hot water, or lie dreamily upon a mat at the margin of a pool basking in the sun. The place was a fairyland, and the daily increasing freedom from long-accustomed pain made life for the time a realization of the dream of the lotos-eaters. The huts, indeed, were hardly romantic. The reeds that formed their roofs were blackened with smoke and stained by weather. My native entertainers were but scantily clad; and the blankets, which served alike for breeches, coats, and togas, were not too clean. Pigs that rejoiced in the possession of long noses and inquiring dispositions invaded one's hut and uprooted one's bed in the search for eatables. But all these things hardly disturbed the illusion.

Life at Rukuhia was life in a bath; but the baths were fairyland to the senses and healing to the frame. Clear as crystal, blue as sapphire, green as emerald, with the breath of a tender exhalation of steam lingering in scarcely visible wreaths over their basins and partaking softly of the tints below. Such was the atmosphere in which I lived. To lie half asleep on the shallow margin of one of these basins, each sensation of pain lulled to rest by the soothing of the water, was in itself a delight to one who had suffered as I had suffered so long. But to lie on the margin of the deeper pools and to gaze downward and yet down through the glistening sapphire of the surface into the transparent azure of the depths below, basking dreamily meanwhile in the warm sunshine and half intoxicated by the soft vapors, was a deeper pleasure still.

It was on that sixth day of June that Mohi interrupted my day-dreams by a new proposal. Mohi's English was by no means perfect, but as nearly as I could understand he was dissatisfied with the progress I had made towards recovery. According to him, I ought to have been "all right" in the time I had been privileged by the enjoyment of his treatment and the merits of his own peculiar baths. I assured him that I was satisfied—in fact, more than satisfied—but that was evidently a matter of minor importance. The credit of his baths and his system was at stake, and the credit of neither was to be trifled with. He concluded by announcing that to-morrow he would take me to Mokihuia to complete my cure. I asked where Mokihuia was. The old chief only smiled, superior and indulgent, and said, "Mokihuia plenty water — plenty warm!" Experience proved that he was more than right.

Next morning we started. Our baggage was trifling in amount and simple in kind. My own rugs, cushions, and portmanteau, with a few tins of preserved meats, formed the larger share of the whole. The natives of our party, numbering four in all, seemed to regard everything but tobacco, fishing-lines, and a kit of potatoes as wholly superfluous. It was a glorious day. Not a ripple stirred the green surface of Rotomahaua as our canoe glided over its still waters. Not a breath of wind disturbed the lazy wreaths of steam that rose and floated with a silver transparency over the lovely but treacherous depths of the far-famed terrace pools. We floated rather than paddled down the stream. The alabaster whiteness of the White Terrace glistened with a dazzling radiance through the dense green of the drooping tree-ferns as we glided by. The rosy flush of the Pink Terrace, like that of the Eastern sky just touched by the fingers of the dawn, softened by the tender colors of the veil of steam that clung to its slopes and rose slowly into the sunny air, gleamed upon us as we floated past. It was fairyland all! Not a point was rounded but it brought some new and unexpected wonder into view; not a calm reach of the little river was entered but it disclosed some glimpse of unexpected loveliness.

At last we found ourselves on the waters of Tarawera Lake, and at once a new kind of beauty opened upon us. Far away into the distance the deep blue waters glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. Here and there, dotted upon its surface, lay little islets of various forms, but usually of a grayish color which contrasted with the brightness of the water. On the right rose the bold mountain height of Tarawera, its broad breast sparkling like burnished steel under the mid-day sun, and its solid flat top the very image of the stability and calm of the everlasting hills. Soft fleecy clouds lingered lovingly above it, and lent to the blue depths of the sky beyond a yet more lovely azure. Far away ahead of our canoe there floated on the surface of the lake a little grayish cloud. As we neared it I could just make out the darker shadow of low-lying land beneath. It was a little island, so small that you could walk round its shores in ten minutes; so strange that you might spend days in exploring without exhausting its marvels. It was Mokihuia.

The canoe was paddled into a little creek on the side farthest from the shore we had left, and with the assistance of Mohi and my stick I reached the land. The island, except at one end, rose little more than three feet above the surface of the lake, and on the higher ground there stood a small native hut, towards which Mohi led me. It was but a few yards distant from our landing-place, yet the journey was not without its perils. Never had I seen or imagined a place like this. At each step we made upon the strangely green and springy turf the soil gave out little puffs of steam, as boggy earth throws off water when pressed. Here and there a little jet of boiling water sprang clear and sparkling into the sunlight; but generally it was only steam, which rose lazily a few feet into the air and hung in a soft misty cloud over the land. The place was never silent for a moment. Now it was with a hollow groan like a wounded creature in its pain, now with a shrill little scream like that of a frightened girl, that a sudden jet would spring from some clump of ferns or beside a rock, rise in a spiral wreath into the upper air, and then subside as suddenly as it had appeared.

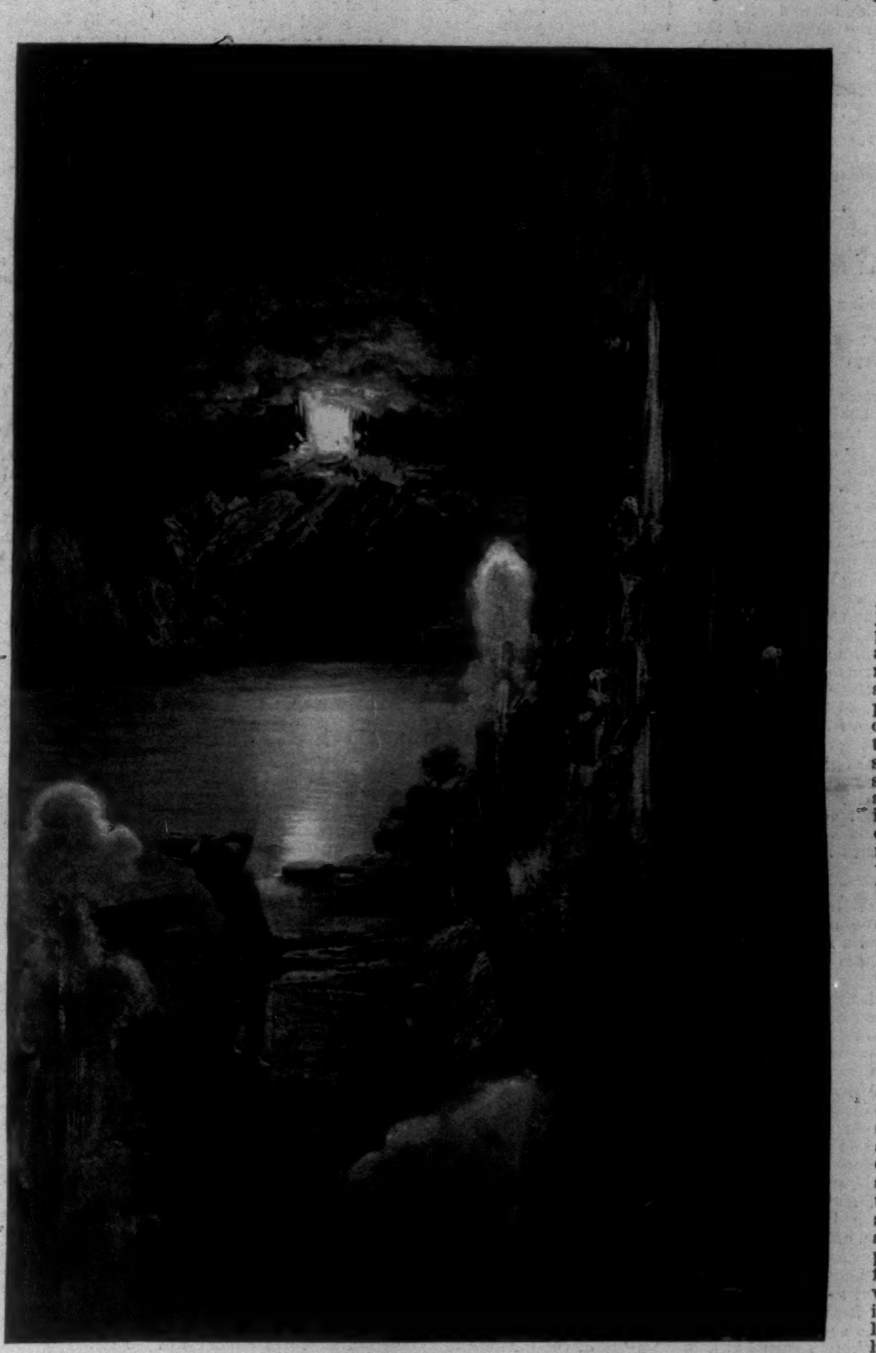
The hut was some fifteen feet long by ten in breadth. It was low in walls and roof, and was the merest shell, consisting of walls and a roof of reeds enclosing a rudely levelled earthen floor. This for the most part seemed hard and sound, but at one end there was an intermittent jet of steam which, once in about five minutes, shot up nearly to the roof with a strange gurgling sound like the suppressed laughter of an asthmatic patient. The hut was consequently full of steam. It filled the end at which it rose with a soft gray cloud; it crept along the floor; it floated in lazy wreaths through the air, and hung in strange fantastic shapes about the eaves and round the roof-tree. In a few minutes my portmanteau and cushions had arrived, and I was installed in my new residence.

I asked Mohi where the baths were. He smiled, shook his head, and, with a dignified wave of his hand, replied: "Plenty bath! Plenty warm! All right!" Discussion was useless, so I accepted the position, and made myself as comfortable as I could with cushions and rugs at the driest end of the hut.

I soon discovered that Mohi was right. There were no baths on the island, indeed, but the island itself was one great bath. Where I lay I faced the doorway, and saw the blue lake and the sunlit mountain through a soft and steamy haze. The steam was everywhere. In the hut it wreathed and eddied round from floor to roof. Outside it rose in sparkling jets and floated in soft clouds overhead. It filled the air with a gray mist, and crept stealthily amongst the drooping ferns and round the moss-covered bowlders. Mokihuia was but one great steam-bath.

I abandoned myself to the novel situation, and for three days enjoyed the sensations of a new life.

Yes, I enjoyed it. As Mohi had said, it was "plenty warm." At times the heat would increase till it grew oppressive, and again it would diminish till it was hardly more than warm. Sometimes the steam-jets, both in the hut and outside, grew intensely active, and the place would become for the time a very pandemonium of strange,



"IT BURST THROUGH THE ROOF WITH AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM."

unearthly noises; then gradually the steam-cloud would subside, and the groans and shrieks would sink into gentle mutterings.

Life here was even more dreamy than it had been at Rukuhia. A gentle lassitude, an unwillingness to move, was the prevailing feeling, and before I had spent twelve hours on the island I found myself wholly free from pain. When I walked my joints felt stiff, indeed, and moved wearily, but the pain which for nearly twelve months had made life a misery was gone. Mohi's prescription was an undoubted success. When I tried to tell him so he smiled gravely, and replied: "By-and-by you all right. Taihoa! presently!"

The days passed dreamily away. The old chief, his daughter, and his two men spent nearly all their waking hours in smoking silently—an operation only interrupted by the preparing and eating the food they had brought.

On the third day I walked round the little island, and found with delight that the stiffness had nearly left my joints, so much so that I laid aside my stick. It was a lovely evening. The sun slowly sinking behind Tarawera Mountain clothed its broad shoulders in a robe of crimson splendor. The waters of the blue lake, flushed with the reflection, lay glassy calm beneath the shadows of the soft evening sky. The shores of the lake, crowned with clumps of dark forest and ferns, took a thousand shades of color as the western heavens faded slowly from crimson into gold, and from gold to green and gray, while every here and there the eye rested on a shadowy cloud of steam rising slowly from some hollow into the still evening air. Behind me on our island I noticed that the clouds of steam were rising with even more than their usual energy, but with less than their usual noise. Gray clouds, like the fabled genii of Eastern stories, rose straight and gigantic into the upper air, displaying shapes from which imagination could form a hundred monsters.

Slowly I returned to the hut, and found my friend Mohi sitting smoking at the entrance.

"You all right now?" he asked, with a questioning uplifting of his heavy eyebrows.

"All right," I answered; "thanks to you."

He nodded his head slowly, and replied, "To-morrow Rukuhia."

For a time my companions sat around the embers of the wood fire over which they had cooked the evening meal, a few muttered words the only interruption to the silence in which they smoked. One by one the narcotic influence of the heavy cloud of steam which filled the hut overcame them. One by one they drew their blankets over their heads and curled themselves up on the floor to sleep. The air was oppressive in the hut, so I wrapped a rug around me and sat on the ground outside, my back resting against the wall, gazing half drowsily upon the scene. Never had I looked on anything more peaceful.

The night was dark, but the heaven was full of stars that shone steadily in the deep blue of the sky and sparkled in the blue mirror of the lake below with a soft opalescent splendor. My ear had grown so accustomed to the sounds of the island that I scarcely noticed them now. I folded my arms and leaned back against the wall of the hut, drowsily watching the dreamy lake and the dark outline of the still mountain beyond. Even as I looked it seemed to me that a strange lurid glow was rising behind the mountain. It rose and spread, as I stared sleepily at the strange phenomenon, till it looked to me like a vast tree-fern slowly rising from the summit of the mountain. Its general color was a dark copper-color, but the end of each leaf and frond gleamed like gold, and threw out sparks that alternately glittered and ceased, like flashes from some huge electric battery.

I roused myself and rubbed my eyes to get rid of the strange illusion—only to find it there still and more vivid than before. What could it be? I rose and looked round me. Then for the first time I noticed a singular change. The island had ceased to steam! There was not a sound from one of its hundred tiny geysers; not a single jet of steam rose into the still night air. I was startled at the change, but not alarmed. Something new and strange was happening, but what it was I could not even fancy. I thought I should get a better view from the highest point of our little island, so I hastily gathered my rug round me and walked quickly up the slope. As I went I experienced a new sensation. There was a strange, sickening heave and tremble underfoot that made me stagger for a moment and then stand still. Did my eyes deceive me, or did I really see the ground before me heave with a wavelike motion? I recovered myself, and in a few steps I had reached the top of the slope. Then I turned to look at the mountain again, and as I turned I started back. High, high, towering above the flat top of Tarawera Mountain, the tree-fern I had seen before now spread and glowed with a dazzling brightness. The dull copper-color of the trunk and branches had now changed to a fiery crimson, and as I gazed at it in wonder I saw it shoot up to a vast height, throwing out from its leaves showers of golden sparks, each more brilliant than a rocket. I stared at it in a kind of stupid wonder, unable to take my eyes off the sight, and equally unable to grasp its meaning. The lurid and awful beauty of the scene was beyond description, and yet after the lapse of these years I have but to close my eyes to imagine I see it still. Far over both land and lake the gorgeous yet terrible coloring of light seemed to penetrate in something more than mid-day splendor. The more distant uplands and forests were bathed in a wild dull red glow like the light of the sinking sun on a thunder-cloud. The trees nearer to the lake and along its shores stood out black against the background, but with leaves that appeared to sparkle with golden fire, while the waters of the lake itself glowed and sparkled with a thousand lights and shades, and shivered with a thousand dazzling reflections.

Up to this moment all my impressions were those of sight. As yet not a sound had broken the strange and utter silence of the night. The noises of our little island were hushed, and even the usual lapping of the water on the shore seemed for the moment to have ceased. Suddenly, with a roar so vast, so wild, and so unearthly that *my* experience, at least, can find no comparison for it, the spirit of the volcano broke loose. As I gazed at the mountain before me I saw it heave and rock from side to side with a wild vibration, and then, in a moment, its flat summit seemed to crumble and split and yawn with a vast fissure, and at the same moment masses of flaming rock and glowing cinders were hurled high into the heavens, only to descend in a molten rain far and wide over the land, and lash the waters of the lake into foam with a wild hiss and scream which were heard even amidst the babel of noises that now rose on every side. Again and again, with roar after roar, the mountain cast up its blazing hail at intervals of perhaps a minute, and at each paroxysm of fury it would writhe and heave like some vast creature in mortal agony, till the very heavens seemed on fire, and vast columns of smoke rose from the shore and of steam from the water.

I had stood like a man in a dream during the few minutes since the eruption had broken out. I saw everything, and was conscious of wonder, admiration, and even terror, but up to that moment without a thought of how it might affect myself. A sudden scream, either of terror or of pain, recalled me. It was a human cry, and close at hand. I turned once more, and as I did so a piece of blazing rock fell with a whir and a hiss, like some stone from a giant's sling, and broke into a hundred flaming fragments upon the rock against which I had leaned not an instant before. At the moment, although I started back, I hardly noticed it. I suppose the effect of accumulated horrors is to dull the senses, and for the time to keep the smaller emotions in abeyance. I am not conscious that either then or afterwards I felt anything exactly like personal fear.

The scream had come from the hut, not a hundred yards below where I stood. It was a woman's scream; and even as I turned to look I saw old Mohi's daughter rush from the hut, the roof of which at the same moment burst into flames in half a dozen places where the hail of red-hot stones had fallen on the thatch. She paused, and throwing back the hair that fell wildly over her eyes, gazed round as if paralyzed by what she saw. Then, with another scream, she turned back towards the hut as if to seek her father. It was already too late. With one wild uproar, in which howls, shrieks, yells, and hisses, were strangely and horribly mixed and blended, the geysers of Mokihuia woke into life once more. From a hundred spots jets of steam and fountains of boiling water sprang into the air, covering the island with a dense shroud of vapor.

My eyes were fixed upon the hut and the figure of the frenzied woman, and this was what I saw. In one moment the jet of steam which had served to turn our hut into a natural Turkish bath, burst through the roof with an unearthly scream, instantly extinguishing the flames, and throwing high into the air a splendid geyser of boiling water. The spray must have scalded her, for I saw her stop and turn back as if irresolute. Then she began to run towards me; and then the dense gray cloud of steam hid her and everything else from my sight. Instinctively I shouted her name and ran towards the hut to meet her. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when I stumbled over a bowlder and fell. I was up again in a moment, but I had already lost all idea of direction. The dense gray cloud was everywhere and hid everything. In vain the eyes strove to pierce it; they only smarted and ached with the useless exertion. The hot breath of the boiling geysers was on every side, and the hiss and yell of the escaping steam hopelessly confused my senses. There was light, indeed—a strange, dull, crimson glow that filled the mist and lighted it up into a lurid haze more confusing than darkness. I groped my way step by step, unable to see my hand before me, yet impelled to go on, at whatever risk, by the still more awful dread of standing still. Now met by a hotter blast, now startled by the shrill scream of a new steam jet just opened in my path, I turned and wound from side to side, in what direction I knew not, and indeed seemed hardly to care to know. I could hear the rush and the patter of falling stones and ashes around me. I could feel the scalding spray of the geysers in my face. I could see the more vivid flashes of electric light when for a moment they brightened the dull haze around to a blinding radiance. I could no longer hear the sound of the human voice which had appealed to my sympathy in the awful solitude of nature's convulsion. Blinded, confused, bewildered, I struggled on.

Again and again I stumbled and fell, bruising and cutting myself upon the rocks. Again and again I only just escaped some falling stone that hissed past me and fell blazing at my feet. Still I struggled on, though feebly and aimlessly now, for I was nearly spent. I began to feel that it was almost over. I had hardly struggled to my feet after my last fall. My limbs trembled and shook as if they would give way under my weight. Slowly, hopelessly, despairingly—still I struggled on.

Suddenly, through the red haze, a darker shadow loomed in front. Hastily I put out my hand to ward off some unknown danger. I touched it—it was alive! At my touch it raised itself, and I knew, though I hardly saw, that it was Mohi's daughter!

"Rakeha!" (white man), she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, and grasped my outstretched hand with a fierce, convulsive clasp, which I half consciously returned.

So we stood for a few moments; then, as fresh showers of stones and ashes fell around us, with one impulse we struggled on. Hand in hand we went through the falling terrors of the burning hail, through the lurid darkness of the crimson haze, each grasping the other as if clinging to the last hope of safety.

How long it was I cannot tell. As men count time, perhaps not many minutes; to me it seemed—nay, it *was*—an age! Suddenly I stumbled and fell forward. Partly supported by my companion's grasp, I fell upon my knees—and with a splash. We had reached the lake!

Still hand in hand we waded into the lake. The stones and ashes fell around us still, hissing as they reached the water; but here we were at least safe from the scalding steam and the boiling fountains. It was lighter too. Close to the water the crimson haze was less bewildering, the cloud of steam less dense. Slowly, wearily, yet with some vague feeling of hope, hand in hand we struggled on.

There was a shadow on the water before us; a step or two nearer and we had reached it. It was the canoe! As my hand grasped its side my senses reeled. I felt myself stagger. I felt my companion's hand grasp my arm. There was a crimson flash before my eyes, a roaring in my ears. I knew no more!

At last I awoke. I opened my eyes. There was light—daylight—around me as I lay in the bottom of the canoe. Dull and gray and heavy, indeed, but daylight still. With an effort I raised myself and looked around. In the stern sat Mohi's daughter, the paddle still clasped in her hand. Her head was bent forward upon her knees, and the masses of her black hair fell nearly to her feet. She was asleep. Around us the lake lay sullen and gray; a thick scum of ashes floated on its glassy surface. Beyond I could see the blackened mountain, rent and torn, still smoking from a hundred cracks and fissures. I looked around: I searched the water far and near. No rock broke the still surface of the lake, no steam-cloud interrupted the view. Mokihuia was gone!

OPEN-AIR PLAYS.

Open-air plays! What could be more idyllic? Rosalind tilting at the heart of Orlando beneath the shade of real "venerable oaks"; Lysander and fair Hermia, Helena and her Demetrius, the frolicking troops of fairies, Bottom and his hard-handed artisans of Athens, disporting with noiseless tread in the forest glade, coming no whence, going no whither, like veritable creatures of a dream; while a stream of more than moonlight brilliance trembles on the leaves, and the soft summer air throbs with the melody of Shakespeare's verse and the harmony of Mendelssohn's Dream music. Ah, entrancing! No wonder that this fascination of idealistic naturalism appears and reappears in Kenilworth revels, pageants at Fontainebleau, *al fresco fêtes* by English Thames, and pastoral plays at Saratoga!

It is almost a sacrilege to invite you to look on another picture, which has the disadvantage of being drawn from facts. During two summers I was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's company of "Strolling Players," who rambled over the length and breadth of England, playing Shakespeare in parks and gardens. London was settling down to summer dulness when we started on our first tour, actors, musicians, singers, calcium-light and baggage men—a company of thirty-six—enthusiastic with the expectation of playing at work. But though the pastoral manager may propose, it is the weather which ultimately disposes; and the weather both those years was villanous. A passing shower now and then would have been endurable, even welcome as an additional touch of realism to the scene; but when the rain descends in ramrods and the auditorium reveals nothing but dripping umbrellas, when the lovers are drenched to the skin, the fairies bedraggled with moisture, and even Bottom's resourcefulness cannot avail to keep him dry, then the idealistic aspect of the scene becomes dimmed. Often it gave rise to amusing incidents. At one place, for example, it had rained heavily before the show, and the dress-circle had to be swabbed over before the audience—that night a small one—arrived. At the back of the stage was a high bank, covered with trees and ferns, down which the actors made most effective entrances. The play was *As You Like It*, and just as the cue came for Orlando to assist the weary form of old Adam down the slope, the calcium-light, as will happen sometimes, began to splutter and suddenly expired. In the total darkness was heard Orlando's words of encouragement, "Cheerily, good Adam, cheerily," then a crash of underwood and a prolonged sloooosh, and the light, just then resuming its activity, revealed old Adam executing a toboggan slide, which landed him in the centre of the stage, an old gray-bearded man with a youthful head of black hair, for his wig was dangling on a near-by bush.

At Birmingham, too, one night after a storm the mist was so dense that it refracted the rays of the calcium-light, which formed luminous bars across the stage. It was not always possible to select a naturally elevated stage, and here, as in many other places, it was built of wood, artfully concealed by foliage. The nocturne had been played, the lovers reconciled, and Lysander and Hermia, with arms entwined, slowly faded from the sight, when the tranquil poetry of the scene was rudely shattered by a shrill modern cry. The pair of lovers had, in the darkness, missed the stairs, and with startling literalness walked off the stage.

Certainly the dressing accommodation was not stuffy, but it had its own peculiar drawbacks. It was at best a makeshift—a stable, a gardener's potting-shed, a summer-house, or tents—illumined with lanterns; and "making up" by the light of a lantern, with nothing but a wardrobe basket for a table, is straining natural simplicity to extreme tension. It must not be supposed that we had not anticipated the possibilities of rain. Our arrangements included in every place the renting of a hall or theatre into which we might retreat if necessary; and on these occasions we kept up the illusion of "under the greenwood tree" by dressing the stage with real boughs. But this was only a last resort, and we constantly took our chances of rain in preference. At Stratford-on-Avon the day had opened fine, and all preparations had been made for an afternoon performance of *As You Like It* in a gentleman's grounds adjoining the historic park of Sir Thomas Lucy. At noon, however, it began to rain with a persistence that meant continuance. We had rented the Corn Exchange, but it had no stage or scenery; still, it was this or nothing, and in that little hall, on a level with our audience, and surrounded by whitewashed walls, we probably came very near to the experiences of strolling players in Shakespeare's own day. How heartily the audience laughed when Rosalind exclaimed, "Well, this is the forest of Arden!" and Touchstone, who was the manager of the company, replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content." Later on, when Orlando exclaimed "There's no clock in the forest," Rosalind threw up her eyes mischievously at a big clock which hung against the wall, and again brought down the house. Unrehearsed effects were frequent. While playing *As You Like It* at Winchester, two goats wandered upon the stage. Of course the picture was complete; though a little marred, when they proceeded to pull at the ferns which grew against the bank, and laid bare a green wooden box which did double duty as bank foundation and receptacle for swords, spears, and hunting-horns.

Notwithstanding the exposure in all kinds of weather and the thinness of the *Midsummer Night* costumes, no one suffered from colds. The ladies rubbed vaseline upon their necks and shoulders; and one and all found the constant speaking in the open air a wonderful bracer for the voice. And we had our fine days, when the whole thing was a delightful picnic; and behind the scenes, or, to speak more accurately, the bushes, there was a pervading cheerfulness and many a picturesque gathering of Orlando, Rosalind, and the other merry outlaws round our *al fresco* afternoon tea while waiting for their cues. Still, a painful regard for truth compels one to admit that pastoral playing is not an unalloyed romance.

Stroller.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

II.—ON THE WAY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS—VICTORIA TO JUNEAU.

STEAMSHIP "ISLANDER," *August 19, 1897.*

As the echoes of the cheers that greeted our departure died away and the city faded from view in the growing darkness, we went, each of us, about his respective affairs. Some, worn out by the work and excitement of getting off, turned in early to bed; others took a look at the horses, which were making a regular hubbub on the lower deck. We found them wedged side by side in long rows the length of the ship, with heads toward the engines, with no chance to lie down. Frightened by the pounding of the engines and the blasts of the whistle, they were throwing themselves back on their halters and biting and kicking. Jim McCarron, ex-cavalryman, was now in his element, and I think he wanted to show his friends the Mounted Police that he, too, knew a bit about horses. Several of our halters were broken, and it looked as if we would have to take alternate watches, but Jim patched up some rope halters, and next day the animals had quieted down, but not until nearly every horse had a mark from the teeth of his neighbor. Poles should have been put across, separating them.

One man has eight or ten enormous steers aboard, which, with characteristic bovine philosophy, lie down in the road of every one, and will budge neither for threat nor kick. They will be taken in for packing and hauling. We sincerely trust we shall never have to try to eat them when they reach Klondike. It is a good-natured, sober crowd aboard. Several have remarked how undemonstrative it is. Of our passengers one-half are Americans. They are of every degree and of all sorts but dudes. There is a house-builder from Brooklyn, a contractor from Boston, the business manager of a New York paper, and boys that seem not over nineteen. They have all formed parties or partnerships, some to share every vicissitude or fortune, others only to last until the gold-diggings are reached. Only a few are dressed in the loose rough clothes of the miner. Several that I know who are going in have kept on their city suits, and it has been amusing to see men unaccustomed to rough garments emerge, one by one, from their state-rooms with their miner's rig of heavy boots and corduroys. One most picturesque figure is a swarthy man of spare but wiry build who turned out in full buckskin suit, at which some smiled; but after a talk with him it was impossible not to admit that while the buckskin might "draw" somewhat in wet weather, nevertheless he was as well fixed as any man on board. He is a packer and hunter, and hails from the Black Hills, and has a partner seven feet tall.

One noticeable thing is the total absence of oaths or the sort of language one will hear continually from morn till night among lumbermen. The conversation is pitched in a low key; men have serious things to talk about—those they have left behind; the pass ahead of them; their outfits, and those of their neighbors. Some are pretty well equipped; indeed, save for a general lack of water-proof sacks, they are well prepared for the rainy country which, by the lowering clouds and increasing banks of fog, we seem to be entering.

Of the passengers aboard it may safely be said that each man has half a ton of freight stored away in the hold. Some, representing companies, have more than that. There is a large consignment of sleds aboard, and several boats, all of which are in lengths too long to pack over the pass. We learned that boats taken up are being left behind. One New York party have folding canvas canoes.

During the daytime we lounge about on the bales of hay on deck, some of us sleeping, others admiring the grand mountain scenery through which we pass. Others, who have rifles to test, keep a sharp lookout for ducks. Going through the narrows between Vancouver Island and the mainland we came across numerous small coveys, which gave us long shots, in which the excellence of the new "30–40 smokeless" as long-range guns stood forth unmistakably. "Buckskin Joe," as we dubbed our mountain man from the Black Hills, has a gun which, like himself, is unique. It is a 30–40 box-magazine Winchester placed side by side on the same stock as a Winchester repeating shot-gun, and there is a telescopic sight between them. It is, however, so put together that it can be taken apart and each gun fitted to a separate stock.

Freight is in utmost confusion; three parcels of my own that came aboard as my personal baggage went into the hold—result, some valuable photographic chemicals are crushed, although in heavy boxes. No one knows where his oats and hay are. Everybody is borrowing from his neighbor. We have three bales of hay and a thousand pounds of oats, and, except for one bale of hay, not a pound of our horse-feed have we been able to get at.

The time passes between boxing bouts on deck, singing to the accompaniment of the piano, inspecting each other's outfits, and poker—five-cent limit. The second night out, when just out of Seymour Channel, the engine suddenly stopped. All hands rushed on deck, and we saw lights alongside that were reported to be those of a steamer on the rocks. It proved to be the *Danube*, which was returning from Skagway. She was all right, but sent some word aboard to our captain, which none of us could learn. It was something about the customs, and a report was circulated there was to be trouble ahead It was well understood by some of us that, strictly, our goods which were in bond, could not be touched by us at Skagway. Several of the Canadian officials on board expressed the hope, which we all shared, that the customs officials had been given power to use discretion in view of the exceptional circumstances, or, if not given such power, that they would use it anyhow. Here is a strip of territory, where both Dyea and Skagway lie, that is actually in dispute, and it is across this territory that every miner must go. It is not his intention to linger in the territory, and it is not the intention of the law to harass any such. If bulk were unbroken—which is the technical term to express the taking of goods in bond and under seal—it would be the poor miner who would suffer. He would suffer by not having access to his food and cooking and camping utensils until after he got over the pass; and if he did break bulk, he would be liable for the duties after he crossed the pass. We were thus in no small suspense until the afternoon of the 17th, when we reached Marys Island, in Alaskan territory. Here the American customs official, Mr. P. A. Smith, came aboard, and after we had had supper he sent for all the passengers to meet him in the dining-saloon, and addressed us in the following words:

"Gentlemen,—I have just a few words to say to you, and I shall speak as loud as I can, but if I shall not be able to make myself heard, I hope those who do hear will tell the others. I suppose that most of you are Canadians, and I wish to make a few suggestions to you, so that you may be put to as little trouble as possible in transit. My advice to you is to get organized, and appoint committees to look after the landing at Skagway. I was on the *Danube* and I gave its passengers the same advice, and they appointed a committee of ten, who saw to the separation of the freight and that each man got his own goods. If you do not do this there will be great confusion, for I suppose you are aware that the landing is done in scows. These committees can attend to everything, and you will have no trouble whatever. The passengers on the *Danube* had no trouble whatever. I would say another thing to you. There are persons in Skagway who gather in things; and your committee can appoint watchers to keep an eye on your things and to guard the supplies.

"Now as to food at Skagway. I suppose you know that, according to the strict letter of the law, goods bonded through cannot be broken without payment of duty; but such things as tents and blankets a man must have. Those you will be allowed to use; but I would advise you to stop off at Juneau and to buy there enough food to last you over the pass. It will not cost you any more than at Seattle, and you can get just enough and take it aboard; there will be no charge for freight.

"Now another thing. The government of the United States is very strict about bringing whiskey into Alaska. Any one found with liquor is liable to a severe fine and imprisonment, and if I should find any of you with liquor I should have to arrest him and take him to Juneau, where he would be punished—"

Just here the seven-foot partner of "Buckskin Joe" jumped to his feet. "Mr. Officer," said he, "I have a flask of whiskey with me, and me and my partner—well, we have a quart flask between us. We don't drink; we are taking it strictly for medicinal purposes. What shall we do?"

"In such case," replied Mr. Smith, "I may say that it is not the intention of the law to examine a man's flask. The purpose of the law is to prevent the sale of whiskey to the Indians, and it is very strictly enforced, but of course we do not look into people's flasks. I only caution you. There are unprincipled men who would traffic in liquor, and such as these I desire to warn in time."

This short speech, delivered with quiet dignity, created the most favorable impression, and from all on board I heard nothing but words of praise of the attitude assumed by our government. Jim McCarron could hardly restrain his feelings. "That man's a credit to the country," he whispered. The customs officer was surrounded by an eager crowd asking questions.

"What is the penalty for theft at Skagway?"

"They [the miners] give him twenty-four hours to leave; and if he doesn't leave, he is shot."

Inquiry was made about the attitude of the Canadian officials. Of course Mr. Smith had no authority to speak, but he gave the impression that the two governments had reached an understanding, and that no hardship would be inflicted on miners by a strict enforcement of the law.

"We came to this agreement," said he, "because many of the miners who are coming up here, after they have bought their supplies and their horses, will have nothing left over to pay duty, and it would be a needless hardship. Our desire is to get them through as easily as possible."

Of our 160 passengers and 109 horses there is not one I know who will go to Dyea and go over the Chilkoot. Those who left, say New York, sixteen days ago, knew of nothing but Chilkoot. There were rumors of White Pass, but it seemed incredible that there should be a much easier pass over the mountains only a few miles from Dyea. Even when it was reported definitely that there was a good trail from Skagway Bay, there were conflicting reports. But the facts are these:

The Chilkoot trail was that taken by the Indians who brought gold over from the Yukon to the Russians at Sitka. The White Pass trail was also known to the Indians, but when the miners began to come in the Indians kept it secret in order to do the packing. The White Pass is but 2600 feet, while the Chilkoot is 3700 feet, and in winter there is an easy ascent up the canyon of the Skagway sixteen miles to the summit. This will be seen to be a five-per-cent. grade, one foot in twenty. However, it is not gradual, the first five miles from the Lynn Canal being alluvial flats. The present trail has been cut through the forest by a company formed for the construction of a railway through White Pass. It is known as the British Yukon Mining, Trading, and Transportation Company. The American company is known under the name of the Alaskan and Northwestern Territories Trading Company. Mr. G. H. Escolme, managing director of the American company, who is a passenger on the *Islander*, says of White Pass trail:

"We have cut a trail over the summit from Skagway, at a cost of ten thousand dollars. We own the town site of Skagway, and are building wharves, etc. We cut the trail mainly to prospect for the railroad. I went over the trail on the 15th of July and came back on the 16th. Then the trail did not go beyond the summit, but we have had men working there right along since. It is a private trail; but we are about the only people who are not taxing the miners, and we don't want to do so at any time. We expect to get a few miles of the railroad built this fall; but even when the railroad is done there will be many who will go over the trail. It may be that we shall charge a small toll. One of my present purposes is to try to reduce the price of packing, which is now twenty cents a pound, and we mean to see that the miners get supplies at a reasonable cost.

"We are pleased with one thing. It is reported that the miners had a meeting and fixed a maximum rate of twenty cents for packing. We should like to see it reduced to fifteen cents, which I regard as ample, unless the pack-trains have to establish half-way stations for feed. Another thing has not pleased us so much. You may have heard of the poor fellow who, in trying to cross the Skagway River on a log, fell in with his pack and was drowned. A packer named Young found him, and, I know, at no little cost to himself and delay to his pack-train, took the body to Skagway, and foolishly demanded ten dollars for this service. The miners held a meeting, and ordered him to leave within twenty-four hours. As there was no boat so soon, he had to take to the woods, and I don't know what has become of him. The miners are bound to resent any trading on their feelings; but the result of this hasty action is likely to be that any person finding the body of a poor chap who has been drowned will leave the body to float out to sea, knowing he will not be indemnified for the expense he may be put to. In any civilized country some recompense is made in such cases.

"I do not know what may have been back of it, but I know Young, and do not think him the kind of man who would, for instance, take his partner's body in and demand money for it. It means the same to him as a fine of $600.00—a fine disproportionate to the offence."

At Juneau, which we are now approaching, we are to have a few hours to purchase provisions before proceeding to Skagway. We have had, with the exception of a few fog-banks, beautiful clear weather, and the trip has been like a summer excursion. But now, well in Alaskan territory, in the shadow of snow-capped mountains and glaciers, the rain is coming down in a steady drizzle. We have been trying hard to overtake the rival boat, the *Bristol*, which was advertised to sail five days before us, but which really started only a day sooner. Two of my horses being aboard that boat, in charge of Burghardt, we at least do not mind the delay. Once we land, the company has no further responsibility, and every man must look out for himself and his own. Then will be the need for a party; a man alone will be at a disadvantage.

From my previous letter, posted at Vancouver, I omitted the miner's list of supplies. This is as follow:

SUPPLIES FOR ONE MAN FOR ONE YEAR.

8 sacks Flour (50 lbs. each).
150 lbs. Bacon.
150 lbs. Split Pease.
100 lbs. Beans.
25 lbs. Evaporated Apples.
25 lbs. Evaporated Peaches.
25 lbs. Apricots.
25 lbs. Butter.
100 lbs. Granulated Sugar.
1½ doz. Condensed Milk.
15 lbs. Coffee.
10 lbs. Tea.
1 lb. Pepper.
10 lbs. Salt.
8 lbs. Baking Powder.
40 lbs. Rolled Oats.
2 doz. Yeast Cakes.
½ doz. 4 oz. Beef Extract.
5 bars Castile Soap.
6 bars Tar Soap.
1 tin Matches.
1 gal. Vinegar.
1 box Candles.
25 lbs. Evaporated Potatoes.
25 lbs. Rice.
25 Canvas Sacks.
1 Wash-Basin.
1 Medicine-Chest.
1 Rubber Sheet.
1 set Pack-Straps.
1 Pick.
1 Handle.
1 Drift-Pick.
1 Handle.
1 Shovel.
1 Gold-Pan.
1 Axe.
1 Whip-Saw.
1 Hand-Saw.
1 Jack-Plane.
1 Brace.
4 Bits, assorted, 3-16 to 1 in.
1 8 in Mill File.
1 6-in Mill File.
1 Broad Hatchet.
1 2-qt. Galvanized Coffee-Pot.
1 Fry-Pan.
1 Package Rivets.
1 Draw-Knife.
3 Covered Pails, 4, 6, 8 qt. Granite.
1 Pie-Plate.
1 Knife and Fork.
1 Granite Cup.
1 each Tea and Table Spoon.
1 14-in Granite Spoon.
1 Tape-Measure.
1 1½-in. Chisel.
10 lbs. Oakum.
10 lbs. Pitch.
5 lbs. 20d. Nails.
5 lbs. 10d. Nails.
6 lbs. 6d. Nails.
200 feet 5-8-in. Rope.
1 Single Block.
1 Solder outfit.
1 14-qt. Galvanized Pail.
1 Granite Saucepan.
3 lbs. Candle-Wick.
1 Compass.
1 Candlestick.
6 Towels.
1 Axe-Handle.
1 Axe-stone.
1 Emery Stone.
1 Sheet-iron Stove.

Of course not every miner takes all this; still, the food and tools do not vary much. It is in personal equipment that individual taste shows mostly. Our cooking-tools and grub being in bond, Jim McCarron goes ashore to buy hardtack, tea, bacon, and sugar to last three days, or till over the pass, when we can open our bundles again in Canadian territory.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PRESIDENT.

COME hither, O McKinley, for a moment lend an ear
To what a friend would say to thee—'tis worthy of a seer—
A hint to keep you prosperous your Presidency through,
To keep the country well in funds, and to the standard true.

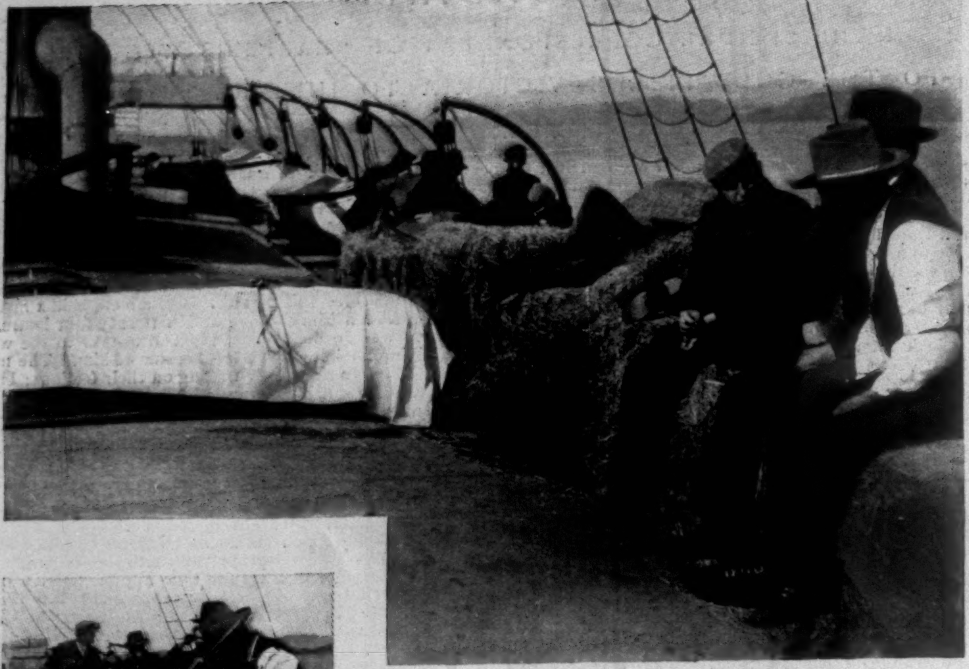
If so it chance the Dingley act shall fail you in your need
To give your coffers all they'll hold, and leave you poor indeed,
The plan I have in mind will prove a treasure past all doubt,
And when you're facing bankruptcy perchance will help you out.

Take all the office-seekers that are bothering your life
And send them to the Klondike land to face the mining strife;
And let each one his office have the moment that he brings
Into the public treasury the fabled wealth of kings.

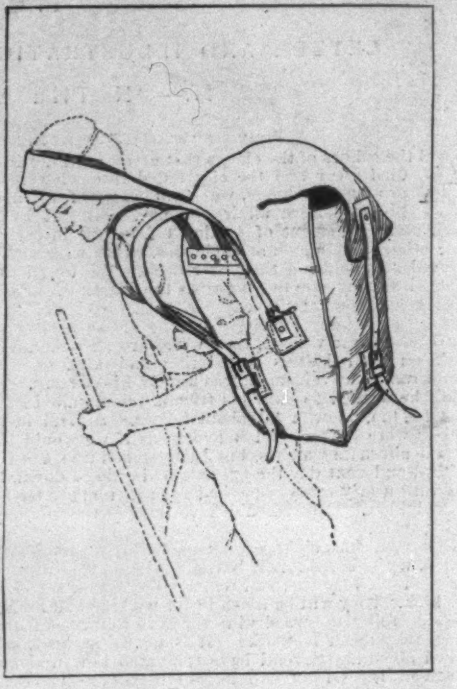
Let not a man his office win until the wight returns
O'erladen with the nuggets that the Yukon water spurns.
And thus you'll work a miracle. You'll fill the Treasury,
And from a lot of nuisances you'll happily be free.

The hint is yours for what it's worth. I do not seek reward.
I do not care for public place—despise the seeking horde.
Yet, if you choose to offer it, I shall not take offence,
And *might* inspect the consulates abroad at state expense.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

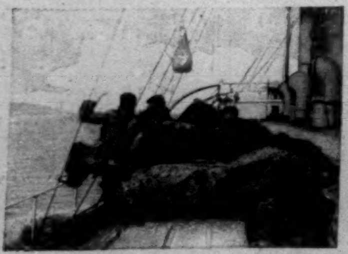


A PLEASANT AFTERNOON ON DECK.

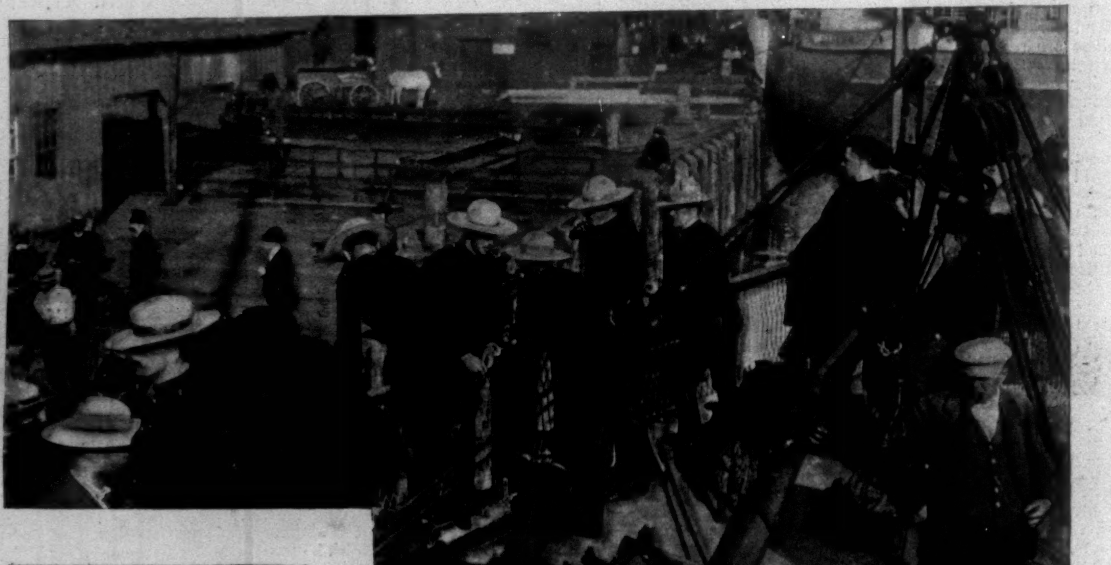


A MINER'S PACK.

TALKING "OUTFITS."



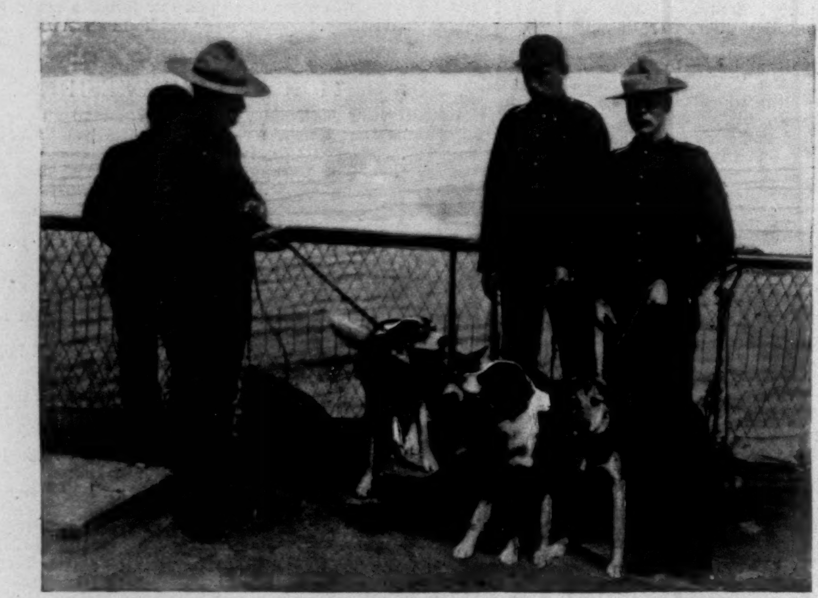
PARTNERS.



LEAVING VANCOUVER—CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE IN FULL UNIFORM.

PROSPECTIVE MILLIONAIRES.

A SNAP-SHOT.



MOUNTED POLICE IN STABLE UNIFORM OF BROWN CANVAS, WITH "HUSKY" DOGS.

A LITTLE KLONDIKESS.

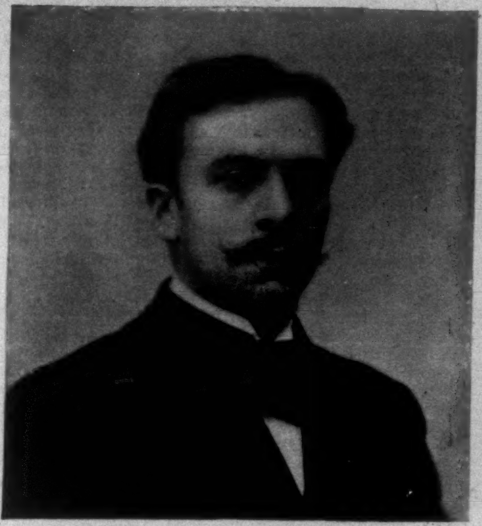
LOOKING FOR DUCKS.

A GROUP OF GRAYBEARDS.

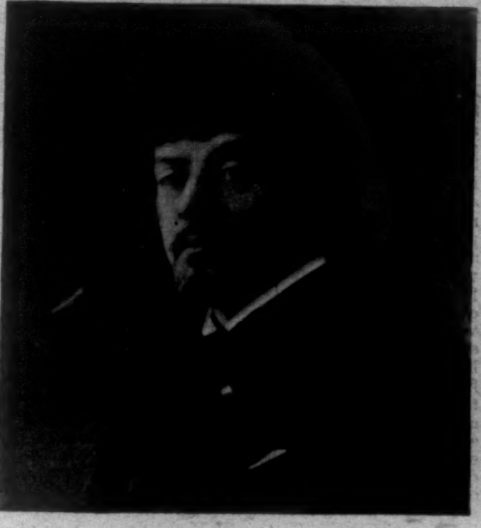
TAKING IT EASY.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—FROM VANCOUVER TO JUNEAU BY STEAMSHIP "ISLANDER."

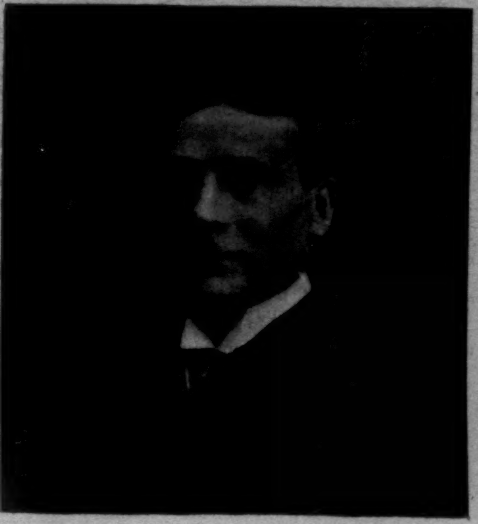
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 927.]



LAMBERT FILS.

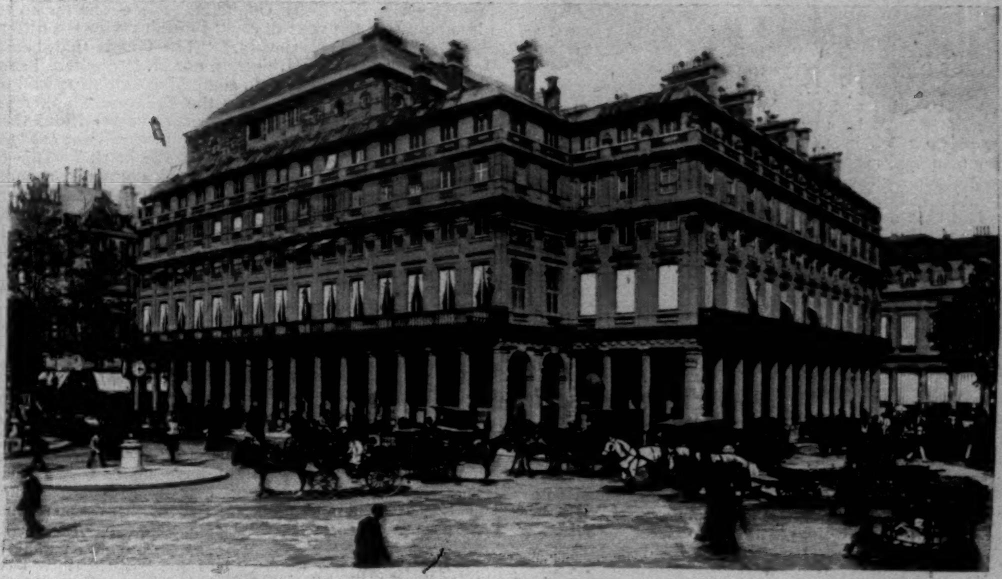


MOUNET-SULLY.



M. WORMS OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

MADAME BARTET AS BERENICE.



LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

BRANDÈS.

REICHEMBERG (LES ROMANESQUES).

MADAME WORMS-BARETTA.

LE THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS.

ONE day just before the opening of the Chicago Fair I was sitting in a room at a Paris hair-dresser's undergoing that mysterious process known as "*l'ondulation des cheveux.*" It was in one of those simple little places, such as one often stumbles on in Paris, where a profession has been in the family from time immemorial. The patron's father had been a hair-dresser, as well as the patronne's, and the two were bringing up their daughter to follow in their footsteps, and to marry another hair-dresser in order to hand down what they called their "art" to future generations. Meanwhile the establishment was a place of traditions. Over the azure gulfs formed by the deep mirrors on the walls were curious pieces of Brittany faience bearing the legend "*Le mois commence,*" relics of the days when accounts were paid monthly and a plate was turned up to mark the beginning of a new credit; and one or two old carved chests spoke of the same remote epoch. The atmosphere was domestic, for a sleepy tortoise-shell cat sunned itself among the plants in the window, while the patronne plied her irons, and in the little shop in front the patron discussed with a customer the Chicago Fair.

"Going to the Exposition of Chicago?" he said. "No, I'm not going; and what's more, I don't want to. Voyons, here's the trouble with America. Sometimes I've thought I'd like to go and install myself out there. But there's only room at the bottom or the top. In France we've graduated the ladder; there's a place for every one on its rounds. Tout le monde peut jouir de Paris. Il y en a pour toutes les bourses."

Everybody can enjoy Paris. There's a place in it for all the purses. This came back to me a few nights later at the Théâtre Français, where Mounet-Sully was playing *Hernani* to a crowded house. Between the acts we went out of curiosity, up into the galleries to look about. Oddly enough, almost the first persons my eyes fell on in the fifty-cent places were the patron of the hair-dressing establishment with madame la patronne and mademoiselle their daughter; and I looked up afterwards to see them profoundly buried in Mounet and Victor Hugo, as were likewise the people round them in the thirty and twenty cent places—if not hair-dressers, many of them men and women in even more modest walks of life. "Tout le monde peut jouir de Paris," I said to myself. "And these people are enjoying it as much as any one."

The moral of this is not that it is nobler minded to rest in ambitionless content all one's days a hair-dresser, in a shop with old faience and a tortoise-shell cat, rather than to try to climb to the top of the ladder, or that the working-people of Paris as a class have tastes so elevated that on an average they would choose a tragedy at the Français for an evening's entertainment rather than a performance at a vulgar little theatre of the Batignolles. It is simply that on whatever round of the ladder one may be, he lives there, and if a man, be he prince or laborer, or whatever is his walk in life, wants to rejoice his soul by a perfectly satisfying and artistic performance at a theatre, there is the Théâtre Français standing open for him, with a "place in it for all the purses." This leads us invariably to ask ourselves why we cannot have something like that in New York.

The delights of this special French theatre have been sung so many times, and well, that it is hardly necessary to repeat them here. There is nothing new to be said about its fine dramatic atmosphere and traditions, about the charm that takes possession of one the minute he finds himself under its dusky dome, about such attention to detail that even the opening of a door or the handing of a letter has a fascination about it, about its dramatic harmonies and artistic effects. It is the most generally satisfactory place of entertainment, on the whole, that can be found, and what interests us is to know how all these remarkable characteristics are achieved and maintained, and what principles underlie them that might be adopted elsewhere. The Odéon, the other state theatre in Paris, is only a second and inferior edition of the Français.

I should say the first and most important feature of the

Théâtre Français was its stability, its permanency. Its actors in the beginning were comedians to the King; they have always been attached to the state, and the theatre has been endowed by it, and they have made their home in the old house of the Rue Richelieu, where Napoleon established them, for nearly a hundred years. We can see what importance Napoleon gave to the theatre from his taking the time, in the midst of his various other preoccupations during the Russian campaign, to send back to Paris that Moscow decree which, slightly modified, is the foundation of the government of the theatre now. The mail-coach broke down on the way, and the courier who brought the valuable documents was obliged to make the journey from Moscow to the frontier on foot, so that he reached Paris with both feet frozen. The regulations for the theatre reached their destination, however.

The result of these more than two centuries of stable existence—for it was Louis XIV. who united the two companies of comedians playing in Paris into one troupe and gave them the name of the Comédie Française—is that the French theatre has a repertory. M. Weiss, who was during his lifetime one of the best of the French dramatic critics, said that between 1636 and 1850 the French stage, outside of its *chefs-d'œuvre*, which of course include the works of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, gave more than a hundred and fifty plays of different types, each possessing a certain value of composition and style, each bearing the impress of the special genius of the French mind, and, all taken together, making a charming history, living and palpitating, of French manners and the French conception of life. When we add to these the works of such an illustrious list of modern writers as Victor Hugo, the two Dumas—father and son—Émile Augier, Scribe, Sardou, Pailleron, Jean Richepin, Jules Lemaître, Meilhac, and numberless others, we see that, to begin with, the Comédie has plays to play. Moreover, the state endowment of 240,000 francs a year not only obliges it to keep up the pieces of the old repertory, but causes it to be fed constantly by a running stream of fresh life in the new plays which it is the highest ambition of every literary man in France to write. The French have a passionate love for the theatre; we must take this into consideration in thinking of their dramatic successes, and also the fact that dramatic expression is particularly natural to them. But the constant presence among them of a dignified and stable theatre so encourages playwrights that a literary success is generally looked on as only a step to a dramatic success. We see Pailleron made one of the forty immortals on the strength of a single play, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie;* we see almost every distinguished *homme de lettres* an *homme de théâtre* as well, and we see M. Edmond de Goncourt writing that one cause of his brother Jules's death was his terrible disappointment over the failure of his play, and his feeling that in consequence the door of the theatre was forever closed to him.

But a repertory of good plays is not enough; there must be some one to play them; and through their Conservatory the French are sure of trained and developed actors capable of perfectly artistic interpretations of the widest variety of rôles. Not only the most celebrated actors associated with the Français, such as the two Coquelins, Got, Mounet-Sully, Worms, Le Bargy, Truffier, Mmes. Sarah Bernhardt, Reichemberg, Bartet, Baretta, have been what are called *prix de conservatoire*, but the people who play nothing but minor rôles, and whose names one scarcely knows, as well. The Français has the right to stretch out its long arm and to break the engagement of any actor at any other theatre in Paris, and so the other theatres, also largely recruited from the Conservatory, really serve more or less as an apprenticeship for it. Nearly all the actors that we hear much about in Paris have a Conservatory training. Guitry, for instance, Sarah Bernhardt's premier at the Renaissance, a great Paris favorite just now, took Conservatory prizes in both tragedy and comedy. Réjane took a prize in comedy, and even such pretty actresses *à la mode* as Rosa Brück, Lucy Gerard, Segond-Weber, are Conservatory graduates.

As a third important feature of the Français we find its peculiar organization. It is an artistic and commercial society subsidized and administered by the state, represented to the theatre by the Minister of the Fine Arts. The theatre, in its turn, is represented to the state by its general administrator, who at present is M. Jules Claretie. Its corner-stone, however, is what is called its *sociétariat*. All its actors are divided into two classes—*sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*. The *pensionnaires* are engaged by the year at a fixed salary, and have no share in the profits of the theatre. The *sociétaires*, on the contrary, are copartners with the theatre, have a voice in its government, choose its plays, and share its profits at the end of the year. Only half their share of these profits is paid to them in cash, however. The rest is deposited for them to form a *fonds sociaux*, an equivalent to so much stock in the theatre, which is paid over to them on their retirement at the end of the twenty years for which they bind themselves to play on becoming *sociétaires*. It is not necessary to go into all the details governing the *sociétariat*, which have been published many times, and are to be found in any one of the numberless books on the Comédie Française. The principle of the thing is that it chains an artist to the theatre during the years when his talent is at its finest, and, on the other hand, gives him a solid guaranty for the time when it shall begin to fail. This makes the profession of an actor one of dignity, stability, and honor—MM. Delaunay, Mounet-Sully, and Coquelin *cadet* are decorated purely as *Sociétaires de la Comédie Française*—and it has secured to unstable France during two hundred years a stable theatre with a classical company and a classical repertory.

The mass of traditions and precedents that have grown up during two centuries, by which the theatre is largely governed is an important feature in its success. M. Francisque Sarcey, who, I suppose, in theatrical matters has the most weight of any one in Paris, in talking to me about these, seemed to think that it would be quite impossible to frame a system of laws which would prove adequate for the government of a theatre. "Mon Dieu, mademoiselle," he said to me, in talking about the Comédie, "it's like an old house that holds together, no one knows how. Put in one wedge and the whole would fall to pieces. The directors and the *sociétaires* and everybody else are always falling out and quarrelling, and they always end by some sort of a compromise, and the theatre goes on, no one knows how. But to begin anything of the kind nowadays, you'd have to lay the foundations, and then be willing to wait two hundred years for the results!"

When we begin to think of adapting the mass of conditions and traditions that make up the glory of the Français to another country, we find a thousand obstacles to consider, as we can see if we look at the question a moment by analogy. Our Metropolitan Opera is as superior as opera, probably, as the Français as theatre, but what is the chief principle underlying its success? Its subscribers take the place of the state, and subsidize it so that its manager is not hampered by considerations of making money. But in return they and the public expect a certain quality of opera, numberless "stars," and a repertory chosen from among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the world, which the manager can give them by spending the fortune allowed him, since music knows no language. He can even fill the minor rôles with secondary singers, who will have received a sufficient musical education not to spoil the general effect. But you cannot get together an indiscriminate number of actors and have an *ensemble*. Suppose, moreover, that it was a question of chaining these "stars" to the Metropolitan Opera for twenty years, and furthermore saying that there should be no stars at all, but that everybody was to subordinate himself or herself to the general excellence! At the Français there are only two planes of actors—*sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*—all of whom are supposed to forget themselves for the *ensemble*, and as a matter of fact do forget themselves, as is shown by the little story of Mounet-Sully, who played the part of Jupiter in *Amphitrion* one evening without noticing that Thirion, who played Sosie, and therefore gave him his replies in the dialogue, had at the last moment been replaced by Coquelin. Some one spoke to him about this the next day. "I didn't notice the difference," said Mounet, seriously. "The fact is that, being Jupiter, I saw neither M. Thirion nor M. Coquelin. I saw only Sosie." To quote again something M. Sarcey said to me: "Each actor that enters the Français, whether he has more or less talent, has an *ensemble* of traditions that makes him fit into his surroundings—*rentrer dans le cadre*—and keep the whole theatre up to the mark." This is the advantage of what we call a stock company, a company always together, and consequently reaching a perfection of harmony never to be found in the realm of accident. But the very advantage of a stock company is also its disadvantage. We tire of always seeing the same people act, unless they are so many and so great that we could not tire of them. To maintain a national subsidized theatre, or any sort of a subsidized theatre, after we have got the subsidy we should first have to get together enough artists of superior talent to guarantee that feeling of security about their performances which alone would make them a permanent success. Then we should have to bind them to the theatre for a definite length of time, in order to give it stability and to guarantee an *ensemble*, and on their side we should have to make provision for their future, and to insure to them some sort of compensation for the sums they might have made if they had spent their time in exploiting their talent wherever they were offered the most money. All this would mean that back of the theatre should be the state, or some equally abiding organization. But we must remember that in the Old World the theatres and the constitutions have developed simultaneously. Nothing in our Constitution provides for the running of theatres, and no constitutional code adapts itself less easily to new departures.

What do the actors at the Théâtre Français get in compensation for their services, which certainly the amount of money they receive does not pay? They have an artistic home, to begin with, filled with the rarest souvenirs and *chefs-d'œuvre*. The greatest French artists are represented there—Mignard, Houdon, Vigée, David, Delacroix, Ingres, Jouffroy, Isabey, Robert-Fleury, Boignet, Gérôme, Chapu, Falguière, many others. Nearly every marble and picture has a history. The theatre possesses one of the most famous arsenals in the world, as well as one of the most remarkable collections of walking-sticks. The canes of the grands seigneurs and the petits marquis of Molière date from his day, and have their long handles of chiselled gold encrusted with precious stones. The bells of the Théâtre Français are celebrated. One of them, formerly in the belfry of St.-Germain l'Auxerrois, gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Joseph Chénier, according to the archives, secured it for the Français, to give the signal for the massacre in the play of *Charles IX*. The store-rooms of the theatre overflow with beautiful Louis XV. and Louis XVI. furniture of pure style, with marvellous old tapestries and embroideries, with old mirrors, silver services, bronzes, clocks, candelabra, lamps.

But more than all else they get fame, and admission into one of the most charmed and distinguished societies of the world as well. The greenroom of the Théâtre Français has always been one of the most brilliant salons of the capital. Through it have defiled princes, dukes, all sorts of titles, the greatest generals of the army, all that Paris accounts most distinguished in the world of politics, art, or letters. One great actress after another, installed like a sovereign in the *foyer des artistes*, has held there her court. The foyer has seen the ovations made to playwrights after their great successes—Victor Hugo acclaimed by a feverish and impassioned crowd, and Alexandre Dumas *fils* with the tears rolling down his cheeks in the midst of the wild enthusiasm with which he was acclaimed after the first nights of *Denise* and *Francillon*.

How many people does it take to get up for us the classical perfection that the theatre offers? The Théâtre Français comprises a general administrator, a general financial controller, a cashier, two readers, a secretary accountant, and an archivist secretary. The company consists of twenty-four *sociétaires* and thirty-three *pensionnaires*. There are twelve heads of departments, a secrétaire-régisseur, two prompters, two call-men, a chef de la figuration, a head property-man, a head musician, and four employés. The magasin has a *personnel* composed of thirty-four persons—stage-carpenters, upholsterers, etc. The auditorium is managed by seventy-one persons. There are seventeen scene-shifters and ten coryphées. The music that accompanies certain of the plays is often written by the most celebrated composers, while many of the favorite singers in Paris, like Rose Caron of the Grand Opéra, for instance, have made their *début* singing it.

One wonders that the Français pays at all. It does pay, and is the only state theatre existing, I am told, which does. It is said the King of Saxony pays an annual deficit of 60,000 marks out of his own pocket to the Dresden theatre. The Français has its critics, its detractors. They accuse it of not being progressive, of not sufficiently encouraging new writers, of all the classic defects that one would expect to be found in any such institution. But if it only kept up the classic repertory, and gave every week during the winter its "classic Thursdays," it would do enough. These are insured by the government subsidy, by the terms of which the state can exact so many classic performances a month. Tradition also demands of the Français four free performances a year, and of the Odéon one. There is no law regulating these. A ministerial decree suffices. But M. Sarcey tells me that he considers the free performances a bad thing. "Une mauvaise chose," were his words. The public does not esteem what it does not pay for. Far more important than the free representations are the cheap seats. The price of places in the highest galleries of the Français is twenty cents, and of the Odéon ten cents, and from these the prices run up to two dollars and a half, the cost of the best seats in the house, reserved. Reserved seats are generally two francs dearer than those bought at the box-office the evening of the play. These prices never change. The cheap seats cannot be recommended to Americans, who would never endure the bad air that the French, in the pride of their old institutions, are perfectly accustomed to, but which need not be a defect of a new theatre.

I started this article meaning to show how we could have a subsidized theatre in New York. I have principally succeeded in showing a few of the advantages of a subsidized theatre anywhere, and the difficulty of starting one where a state theatre does not already exist. M. Sarcey tells me they have considered the problem in London, and given it up, and certainly these difficulties would have to be considered by those who knew the soil in which the theatre was to take root. Meanwhile the advantages of a national theatre must be evident to all; of something which enshrines national traditions, as well as serves as a living history of the manners and intellectual life of a country, and which also gives dignity to an art that has existed for three thousand years, and will exist so long as the human comedy shall continue to be played.

KATHARINE DE FOREST.

THE BROTHERS OF NAZARETH.

DOUBTLESS many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have heard but vaguely of the religious association popularly known as the O. B. N., this concise lettering meaning Order of Brothers of Nazareth. The Brothers are members of the Episcopal Church, yet there is no sectarianism in their charities. It is owing to this fact that they have received such generous support from all classes of Christians. The order was founded only a few years ago, and has been remarkably successful, in view of its short term of life. It has sometimes been erroneously described as a "society of Protestant monks." This description is erroneous. The Brothers are simply pious men banded together for three distinct purposes—to educate poor boys, to take care of convalescent patients, and to propagate their faith with honesty and enthusiasm. No small association of pious men has ever done more for the welfare of others with the limited power at its command—and, I should add, in face of a terrible disaster.

This disaster came to them one night—just in the middle of the night—in the fire which destroyed their main building, very soon after this building had been completed at a large cost. Bear in mind that the Brothers are entirely dependent upon every-day charity. They have nothing of their own. But it is beautiful and wonderful to contemplate the disposition of the people everywhere to uphold Brother Gilbert's noble enterprise. The Brothers publish each month, for example, a little paper known as the *Nazareth Chronicle*. A single issue of this paper has frequently a circulation of ten thousand copies. In fact, it is read everywhere, even in far-away Australia. The *Chronicle* is printed and folded and sent out on its Christian mission by the boys of Priory Farm.

Brother Gilbert now contemplates, as he secures the funds, the erection of four pavilions, aside from the main structure, which has been a shelter for the last few years. One of these pavilions is for "private patients," and is only on paper thus far. This is really a convalescent home, somewhat on the plan of the one established in this city by Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer. The other three pavilions, which are gifts from rich friends of the order, are partially completed. The administration building is, finally, almost ready for use. On the whole, however, the Brothers may be forgiven for requesting further aid from their friends; they do so much for others.

Among the first works that the Brotherhood undertook, after its organization, was the care of men and boys afflicted with phthisis. The home built for these unfortunates was one of the structures destroyed by fire in the spring of 1895. A new home for consumptives is therefore imperatively needed. The Brothers receive applications frequently to shelter and relieve these sufferers, and they are, in consequence, particularly anxious to do this kindly work as fast as possible. There is no finer spot in the world for consumptives than Priory Farm. The atmosphere there is so bright and vital, the scenery so peaceful and charming, the near-by hills so perfect a bulwark against the rude winds of winter.

The great practical aim of Brother Gilbert is to care for the *absolutely poor*. There is no other institution like his in the United States, perhaps not in the world. Ultimately all his endeavor will centre in Priory Farm. At present it is necessarily divided. He conducts a small city home in Harlem, another on Long Island, and has had control of other places. But Priory Farm will, after a time, be spacious and complete enough for all the Christian enterprises in which this remarkable man and his brave, gentle colleagues are engaged.

The Order of Brothers of Nazareth is incorporated. Their visitor is the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, D.D. The trustees and officers are: president, John Wesley Brown, D.D.; vice-president, Rev. Daniel I. Odell, Philadelphia; secretary, Donald McLean, Esq., New York; treasurer, Richard Stevens, Esq., Castle Point, Hoboken; executive committee, Donald McLean, Esq., Vernon M. Davis, Esq., Benjamin Lillard, Esq., Brother Gilbert, and Brother Louis.

G. E. M.

“THE VINTAGE.”*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF “DODO,” “LIMITATIONS,” “THE JUDGMENT BOOKS,” ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

MITSOS arrived at Corinth next night, after a very long day, and found a caïque starting in an hour or two for Patras. He had but time to leave Nicholas's message to the Mayor of the town, get food, and bargain for a passage to Patras for himself and his pony. The wind was but light and variable through the night, but next day brought a fine singing breeze from the east, and, about the time that he landed at Patras, Maria saw below her from the top of the pass the roof of the monastery ashine with the evening sun from the squall of rain which had crossed the hills that afternoon.

Her little pinch-eared mule went gayly down through the sweet-smelling pine forest which clothed the upper slope, below which the monastery stood, and every now and then she passed one or two of the monks engaged on their work, some burning charcoal, some clearing out the water channels which led from the snow-water stream, all milky, and hurrying after a day of sun down to the vineyards; others, with their cassocks kilted up for going, piloting timber-laden mules down home, and all gave Maria a good-day and a good journey.

Outside the gate a score or so of the elder men were enjoying the last hour of sunlight, sitting on the stout benches by the fountain, smoking and talking together. One of these, tall and white-bearded, let his glance rest on Maria as she rode jauntily down the path; but when, instead of passing by on the road, she turned her mule aside up the terrace in front of the gate, he got up quickly with a kindled eye and spoke to the brother next to him.

“Has it come,” he said, “even as Nicholas told us it might?” And he went to meet Maria.

“God bless your journey, my daughter!” he said; “and what need you of us?”

Maria glanced around a little nervously.

“I want to speak to Father Priketes, my father,” she said.

“You speak to him.”

“Have you corn, father?” she said.

A curious hush had fallen on the others, and Maria's words were audible to them all. At her question they rose to their feet and came a little nearer, and a buzzing whisper rose and died away again.

“Corn for the needy, or corn for the Turk?” asked Priketes.

“Black corn for the Turk. Let there be no famine, and have fifteen hundred men ready to carry it when the signal comes, and that will be soon. Not far will they have to go; it will be needed here, at Kalavryta.”

Maria slipped down from her mule and spoke low to Priketes.

“And, oh, father, there is something more, but I cannot remember the words I was to use. But I know what it means, for Mitsos, the nephew of Nicholas, told me.”

Father Priketes smiled.

“Say it, then, my daughter.”

“It is this. If you have guns stored in readiness southwards, get them back. It will not happen just as Nicholas expected. You will want all your men and arms here.”

“It is well. What will the signal be?”

“I know not, but in a few days Mitsos will come from Patras. Oh, you will know him when you see him—as tall as a pillar, and a face it does you good to look upon. He knows, and will tell you.”

“I will expect Mitsos, then,” said Priketes. “You will stay here to-night. There shall be made ready for you the great guest-room, for you are an honored guest—the room where the daughter of an empress once lodged.”

Maria laughed.

“I could get back to some village to-night,” she said. “I ought not to delay longer than I need.”

“And shame our hospitality?” said Priketes. “Besides, you are a conspirator now, my daughter, and you must be careful. It would not do to return at dead of night to where you slept before with no cause to give. To-morrow you shall go back and say how pleased your novice brother was to see you, and the lie be laid to the account of the Turk, who fills our mouths perforce with these things, and how you had honor of the monks. Give your pony to the lad, my daughter. It shall be well cared for.”

So Maria had her chance and took it. An adventure and a quest for the good of her country was offered her, and she embraced it. For the moment she rose to the rank of those who work personally for the good of countries and great communities, and then passed back into her level peasant life again. Goura, as it turned out, took no part in the deeds that were coming. Its land was land of the monastery, and the Turk never visited its sequestered valley with cruelty, oppression, or their lustful appetites. Yet the great swelling news that came to the inhabitants of that little mountain village—only as in the ears of children a sea-shell speaks remotely of breaking waves—had to Maria a reality and a nearness that it lacked to others, and her life was crowned with the knowledge that she had for a moment laid her finger harmoniously on the harp which made that glorious symphony.

Mitsos's work at Patras was easily done. Germanos was delighted with the idea of the forged letter from the Turk, and was frankly surprised to hear that the notion was born of the boy's brain. He was a scholar, and quoted very elegantly the kindred notion of Athene, who was wisdom, springing full-grown from the brain of Zeus; for Mitsos's idea, so he was pleased to say, was complete in itself, and required no further development. Mitsos did not know the legend to which the primate referred, and so he merely expressed his gratification that the scheme was considered satisfactory. The affair of the beacons took more time; for Mitsos, on his journey south back to Panitza, would have to make arrangements for their kindling, and it was thus necessary that their situation should be accessible to villages where Nicholas's scheme was known, and where the boy could find some one to undertake to fire each beacon as soon as the next beacon south was kindled. Furthermore, though Germanos knew the country well, it would be best for Mitsos to verify the suitability of the places chosen; “for,” as the Archbishop said, “you might burn down all the pine woods on Taygetus, and little should we reck of it if Taygetus did not happen to be visible from Lycaon, but we should stand here like children with toy swords, till the good black corn grew damp, and the hair whitened on our temples.”

As at present arranged, Mitsos would be back at Panitza on the 10th of March, after which, as Nicholas had told him, there would be more work to do before he could go for Yanni at Tripoli. It was, therefore, certain—taking the shortest estimate—that the beacon signal could not possibly occur till March the 20th, but on that evening, and every evening after, the signal-men must be at their posts waiting for the flame to spring up on Taygetus. For the beacons between Patras and Megaspélaion there would be no difficulty—two at high points on the mountains would certainly carry all the way, and the only doubtful point was where to put the beacon which should be intermediate between that on Taygetus and that on Helmos, which latter could signal to one directly above the monastery. Germanos was inclined to think that a certain spur of Lycaon, lying off the path to the right, some four miles from Andritsaena, and lying directly above an old temple, which would serve Mitsos as a guiding-point, would answer the purpose. If so, it could be worked from Andritsaena, and the priest there, at whose house Mitsos would find a warm welcome if he staid there for the night, would certainly undertake it.

Mitsos went off again next day, with the solemn blessing of the Archbishop in his ears and the touch of kindly hands in his, and reached Megaspélaion that night. Here was news of Maria's safe arrival. “And a brave lass she is,” said Father Priketes.

The business of the bonfires was soon explained, and next morning Father Priketes himself accompanied Mitsos on his journey to the top of the pass above the monastery, in order to satisfy himself that from there both the point fixed upon on the flank of Helmos, and that towards Patras, were visible.

Their way lay through the pine woods where Maria had come three days before, and a hundred little streams ran bubbling down through the glens, and the thick lush grass of the spring-time was starred with primroses and sweet-smelling violets. Above that lay an upland valley all in cultivation, and beyond a large bleak plateau of rock, on the top of which the beacon was to burn. Another half-hour's climb took them on to this, a strange unfriendly place, with long parallel strata of gray rock, tipped by some primeval convulsion on their side, and lying like a row of razors. In the hollows and the rocks the snow was still lying, but the place was alive with the whisper of new-born streams. A few pine-trees only were scattered over these gaunt surfaces, but in the shelter of them sprang scarlet wind-flowers, and harebells shivering on their springlike stalks. A few minutes' inspection was enough to show that the place was well chosen; to the south rose the great mass of Helmos, and from there they could see a sugar-cone rock standing rather apart from the main mountain, some fifteen miles to the south, just below which lay the village of Leondari, whither Mitsos was bound, and towards Patras the contorted crag above Mavromati. Here, so Priketes promised, should a well-trusted monk watch every evening from March the 20th and onward, and as soon as he saw the blaze on Helmos, he should light his own beacon, waiting only to see it echoed above Mavromati, and go straight back with the news to the monastery. And the Turks at Kalavryta, so said Priketes—for it was on Kalavryta that the first blow was to descend—should have cause to remember the vengeance of the sword of God, which his sons should wield.

From Leondari, above which stood the crag of Helmos, where the beacon was to be, it was impossible to see Andritsaena, but the mass of Lycaon stood up fine and clear behind where Andritsaena was, and a series of smaller peaks a little to the west were, so Mitsos hoped, the hills above the temple. He and his host climbed up the beacon hill, and took very careful note of these, and next morning Mitsos set off at daybreak to Andritsaena, which he reached in a day and a half. The country through which he travelled was supposed by the Turks to be quite free from any disaffection to their rule, and his going was made without difficulty or accident. He found the house of the priest, to whom Germanos had given him a letter, and after dinner the two set off on a fair cloudless afternoon to the hills above the temple. An Englishman, whom the priest described as a tall man with maps and machines, had been there only a few years before, and had made wonderful drawings of the place, and had told them it was a temple to Apollo, and that the ancient Greek name for it was Bassæ. “Yet I like not the place,” said Father Zervas.

An hour or so after their departure, however, clouds began to gather in the sky, and as they went higher, they found themselves advancing into the heart of a white stagnant mist, which lay like a blanket over the hill-side, and through which the sun seemed to hang white and luminous, like a china plate. This promised but ill for the profit of their ride, but the priest said it was worth while to push on, those mists would be scattered in a moment if the wind got up—he had seen them roll away as the housewife rolls up the bed-linen. But as they got higher the mist seemed to thicken, and when, by the priest's computation, they must be near the temple, they could scarcely see ten yards before them, and the pine-trees marched swiftly into their narrow field of vision and out again like dark gray ghosts. By degrees these shadows of trees grew rarer as the hill-side rose beyond the range of pines, when suddenly, after moving ten minutes or more across a waste and featureless flank of hill, gigantic shadows peered at them from in front, and a great range of columns faced them. Mitsos's pony, tired with the four days' journey, was lagging behind, and Mitsos had got off to relieve it on the steeper part of the ascent, when suddenly there came from out of the chill blank fog a scream like that of a lost soul.

For one moment a superstitious fear clutched at the boy, and his pony, startled, went off at a nimbler pace to join the other, and Mitsos had to break into a run to keep up. The next minute the sun peered whitely through the mists, and in five seconds more the wind, which had screamed so shrilly, was upon them. In a moment the hill-side was covered with flying wreaths of vapor, which the wind tore smaller and smaller, till there was nothing left of them, ripping them off the edges of the larger clouds, which it drove like sheep down the valleys, and as Mitsos gained the ridge where the temple stood, a brilliant sun, set in cloudless blue, looked down upon the great gray columns. At their feet in every direction new valleys, a moment before muffled in mist, were being carved out among the hill-sides, and already far to the south the plain of Kalamata, rimmed with a dim dark sea, sparkled green thirty miles away. Through the valley through which they had come some conflicting current of air tilted the mist up in a tall column of whirling vapor, as if from some great stewing-pot below, and as it streamed up into the higher air it melted away and dissolved into the blue, and in five minutes the whole land, north, south, east, and west, was as clear and as blue as a sapphire.

Mitsos gazed in wonder at the gray columns, which seemed more to have grown out of the hill than to have been built by the hands of men, but the priest hurried him on.

“It is as I hoped,” said he; “the wind has driven the clouds off; but they may come back. We must go quickly to the top of the hill.”

Mitsos left his pony grazing by the columns, and ran up the brow of the hill some two hundred feet above the temple. Northward, Helmos pointed a snowy finger into the sky, and sharp cut on its eastern face stood the cone above Leondari, as if when the hills were set upon the earth by the stir of its forces it had been placed there for the beacon. Then, looking southwards, they saw Taygetus rise shoulder above shoulder into the sky, offering a dozen vantage-points. But Father Zervas was a cautious man.

“It seems clear enough, Mitsos,” he said; “but Taygetus is a big place. This will I do for greater safety. You go straight south, you say, and will be at Kalamata two evenings from now, and on the third night you will sleep at some village on the pass crossing over to Sparta. On that night, directly after sundown, I will kindle a beacon here, and keep it kindled for two hours, and in that time you will for certain be able to choose a well-seen place for the blaze of Taygetus. Look, it is even as I said, the mists gather again. But the winds of God have favored us, and our work is done.”

Even as he spoke, a long tongue of mist shot up from the valley below, and advanced up the hill like the tide at its flowing, and Mitsos ran down quickly in order to find his pony, in case it had strayed even thirty yards or forty, before the clouds swallowed them up again. But he found it where he had left it, browsing contentedly the sweet thyme and mountain grass, and for a couple of minutes more, before the earth and sky were blotted out, he gazed with wonder at the tall gray ruins, which stood there in the silence and beauty of the hills, still unknown to all but a few travellers, and to the shepherds that fed their flock in summer on the hill-tops, a memorial of the life and death of the worship of beauty, and the god of sunlight and perpetual youth.

He waited there till the priest joined him, and was surprised to see him cross himself as he passed by the door into the temple, and asked why he did so.

“It is a story,” he said, “which folks tell about here. Whether I believe it or not, I know not, and so I am careful. We will make haste down this valley, for it is not good to be here after night.”

The mists had risen again over the whole hill-side, but not thickly, and as they turned to go, Mitsos, looking back, saw a strange shaft of light streaming directly out at the ruined door of the temple, the effect, no doubt, of the sun, which was near its setting, striking through some thin layer of cloud.

“Look,” he said to the priest; “one might almost think the temple was lit from within.”

Father Zervas looked round, and when he saw it, dropped off his horse and on to his knees on the ground, and began muttering prayers, crossing himself the while.

Mitsos looked at him in surprise, and saw that his face was deadly pale, and a strangling anguish gripped at the muscles of his throat. The light cast through the temple door meantime had shifted and faded, and when Father Zervas looked up from his prayers it was gone.

“Quick, quick,” he said to Mitsos; “it is not good to be here,” and, mounting his pony, he fairly clattered down the hill-side, and did not draw rein till they had reached the main road from Andritsaena.

Mitsos followed, half amused, but conscious of a lurking fear in his mind—a fear bred by the memory of winter evenings when he was a boy and used to hear strange stories of shapes larger than human which had been seen floating like leaves in the wind round the old temples on the Acropolis, and cries that came from the hills of Ægina, where stood the house of the god, at the sound of which the villagers in the hamlets below would bolt their doors and crouch huddling round the fire, “making the house good,” as they said, by the reiterated sign of the cross. Then, as he grew older, his familiarity with morning and evening and night in lonely places had caused these stories to be half forgotten, or remembered only as he remembered the other terrors and pains of childhood, the general distrust of the dark, and the storms that came swooping down from the hills above Nauplia. But now, when he saw the flying skirts of Father Zervas waving dimly from the mist in front, and heard the hurried clatter of his pony's feet, he followed at a good speed and in

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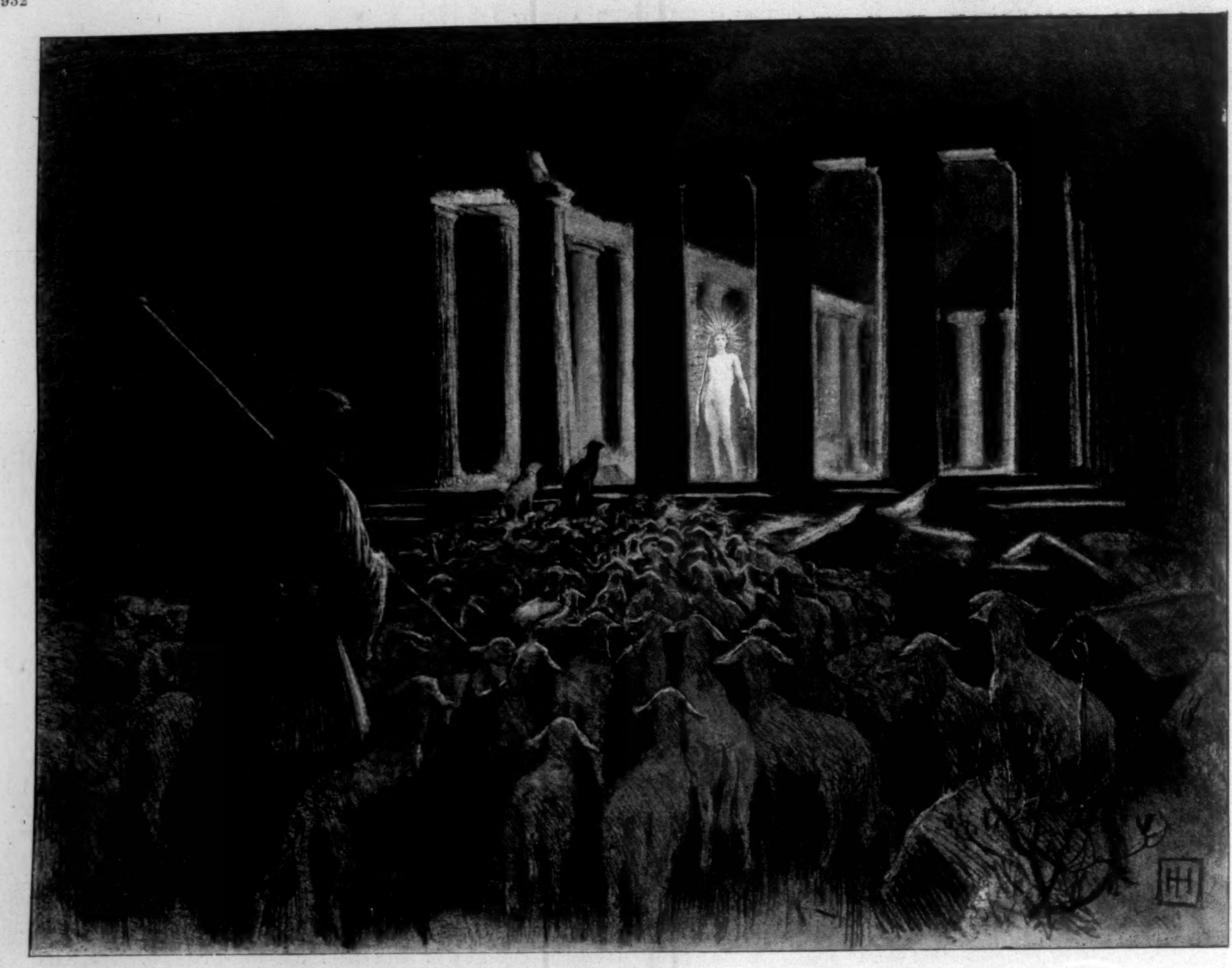
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.



"IN THE CENTRE OF THE GREAT CHAMBER STOOD ONE WHOM IT DAZZLED HIS EYES TO LOOK UPON."

some confusion of mind. Zervas had stopped on reaching the highroad, and here Mitsos caught him up.

"Ah, ah!" he gasped; "but it is a sore trial the Lord has sent me, for I am no brave hand when it comes to what is no human thing. It is even as Dimitri said, for the evil one is there, the one whom he saw under the form of a young man, very fair to look upon, but evil altogether—a son of the devil." And he wiped a cold dew of horror from his brow.

Mitsos felt a little disposed to laugh, but the man's terror was too real.

"But what did you see, father?" he asked. "For me, I saw naught but a light shining through the door."

"That was it, that was it," said Zervas. "And I—I have promised Germanos to see to the beacon business, and on that hill shall I have to watch, while perhaps the young man, evil and fair, watches for me below. I cannot pass that way, for my heart turns to cold water at the thought. I shall have to climb up from the other valley, so that I pass not the place, and then, perhaps, with the holy cross on my breast and the cross in my hand, I shall go unhurt."

"But what was it Dimitri saw?" asked Mitsos.

"It was this way," said Father Zervas, who was growing a little more collected as they attained a greater distance from the temple. "One evening, a spring evening as it might be to-day, Dimitri of our village, whom I know, was driving his sheep down from the hill above the temple, where the beacon will be, and being later than he knew, the sun had set ere he came down to where the temple stands; and as he could not drive the sheep in the dark down the glen, he bethought himself to encamp there, for the night was warm, and he had food enough with him, and wine, for two men. Inside the temple is of two rooms, and into the hindermost of these he penned the sheep, and in the other he lit a sparkle of fire and sat to eat his supper. And having finished his supper, he lay down to sleep; but no sleep came near him, and, feeling restless, he sat up and smoked awhile. But his unrest gained on him, twitching his limbs and bidding him go, so out he fared on the hill-side to see if he could find sleep there, or, at any rate, get air, for it seemed to him that the temple had grown strangely warm and filled with some sweet and curious perfume. Outside it was cooler, he thought, and so, sitting down in the hollow of the hill opposite the temple gate, he nestled down in the grasses and again tried to sleep. But it seemed to him that from below there came dim sounds of songs such as men sing on festa days, and looking down to see from where such voices came, he saw, even as you saw, and I, a strong great light shining out of the temple door, and next moment came a clattering and pattering of feet, and out through the door rushed his sheep, which must have leaped the barrier of boughs he had put up, and ran scattering, dumb and frightened, in all directions. He got up and hurried down to stop any that were left, for as for herding the others, he might as well have tried to herd the moonbeams, for the night was dark, and he saw them only in that great light which shone out from the temple. So down he ran, but at the temple door he stopped, for in the centre of the great chamber stood one whom it dazzled his eyes to look upon. Fair was he, and young, and lithe as a deer on the mountains, and from his face there shone a beauty and a glory which belongs not to mortal man. Over one shoulder was slung a quiver of gold, and in his right hand he carried a golden bow; golden sandals were on his feet, and on his head a wreath of wild laurel. For the rest he was as naked as the summer sky at noonday, and as glorious; two fingers of his left hand were wound in the hair of one of Dimitri's rams, the father of the flock, and the beast stood quiet and not afraid. No other light there was in the temple, but the splendor which shone through the door all came from him. Only in front of the god still smouldered the fire by which Dimitri had eaten his supper, but that seemed to have burned larger than before, and a little blue smoke that came towards him was full of some wonderful sweet perfume. And as he stood there, stricken to stone, marvelling at the beauty of the youth, and forgetting, in his wonder, to be afraid, the god—yet no god was he, but only evil," said Zervas hastily, again crossing himself—"raised his eyes to him and said, 'Thou that makest a sheep-pen of my sanctuary, art thou not afraid?'

"But he spoke, so said Dimitri, not unkindly, and in the lustre of his eyes there was something so wonderful that he knelt down and said, 'I knew not, Lord, that it was thine.'

"Then said the other, 'For penalty and yet for thine honor, this ram is mine,' and he struck the beast lightly on the head, at which it sank down and moved no more.

"Then said the god again, 'It is long since I have looked on your race; not so fair are they now as they used to be'—and in truth Dimitri is an ugly loon—'but this shalt thou learn of me, how joy is better than self-sacrifice, and beauty than wisdom or the fear of God.'

"And at this he held out his hand to him, but Dimitri was suddenly smitten by the knowledge that this beautiful youth was more evil than the beasts of the field, and in wild despair he bethought himself of his only safety, and made in the air, though feebly, for his heart had half surrendered, the sign of the cross. With that a shuddering blackness came over his spirit and his eye, and when he came to himself he was lying on the dew-drenched pavement of the temple, and close to him the ram, dead, but with no violent mark on him, and looking in at the temple door, but coming not in, the rest of the flock, of which none was missing. That is ten years ago, but Dimitri will not speak of it still, and I had half thought before to-day that it was an idle tale; but when I saw the light shining out through the temple door an hour ago, it was fresh borne in upon me that it was true, albeit one of the dark things of the world at which we cannot even guess. Yet, as Christ protected him, He will surely protect me when I go on the beacon-work, for it is His work; but lest I tempt God, I will climb up that hill on the other side, and keep my eyes away from the temple, and plant the holy cross between me and it."

Mitsos knew not what to make of all this; the fact that Dimitri, in Zervas's phrase, had wine for two men with him might have explained the significance of what he had seen, but being a Greek, his mind was fruitful soil for all things ghostly and superstitious.

"It is very strange," he said. "Yet, father, you will not go back from the work?"

"I will do it faithfully," said Zervas, "and then I shall be in the hand of the Lord."

It was the middle of March when Mitsos again found himself climbing the steep hill-side into Panitza. Night had fallen two hours before; clear and keen was the sky, and clear and keen the vigorous mountain air. The crescent moon, early setting, had slipped behind the snowy spear-head of Taygetus, but the heavens were all aglow with stars burning frostily. His work had all been done quickly and well, and after he had seen the beacon at Bassæ, three nights before, shine like a glowworm to the north, and then shoot out a tongue of flame and lick a low-lying star, he had travelled night and day, only giving himself a few hours occasionally for sleep, and walking as much as he rode, to spare the pony, who seemed, as they came into Panitza, with Mitsos only resting a hand on its neck, to be the more weary of the two. He went up the village street to Petrobey's house, but found the door into the court-yard closed, and only Osman at first answered his knocking by a furious bark.

"Osman, Osman," called Mitsos, "be quiet, and let them hear within!"

Osman recognized his voice, and whined impatiently while Mitsos knocked again. At last he heard the house door open, and Petrobey's voice calling out, "Who is there?"

"It is I, cousin," shouted the boy. "It is Mitsos."

Petrobey ran across the court-yard, and the next moment Osman tumbled out to welcome Mitsos of the clan, and he led the pony in.

"Ah, it is good to see you, little Mitsos," said Petrobey. "You have come very quickly; we did not expect you till to-morrow."

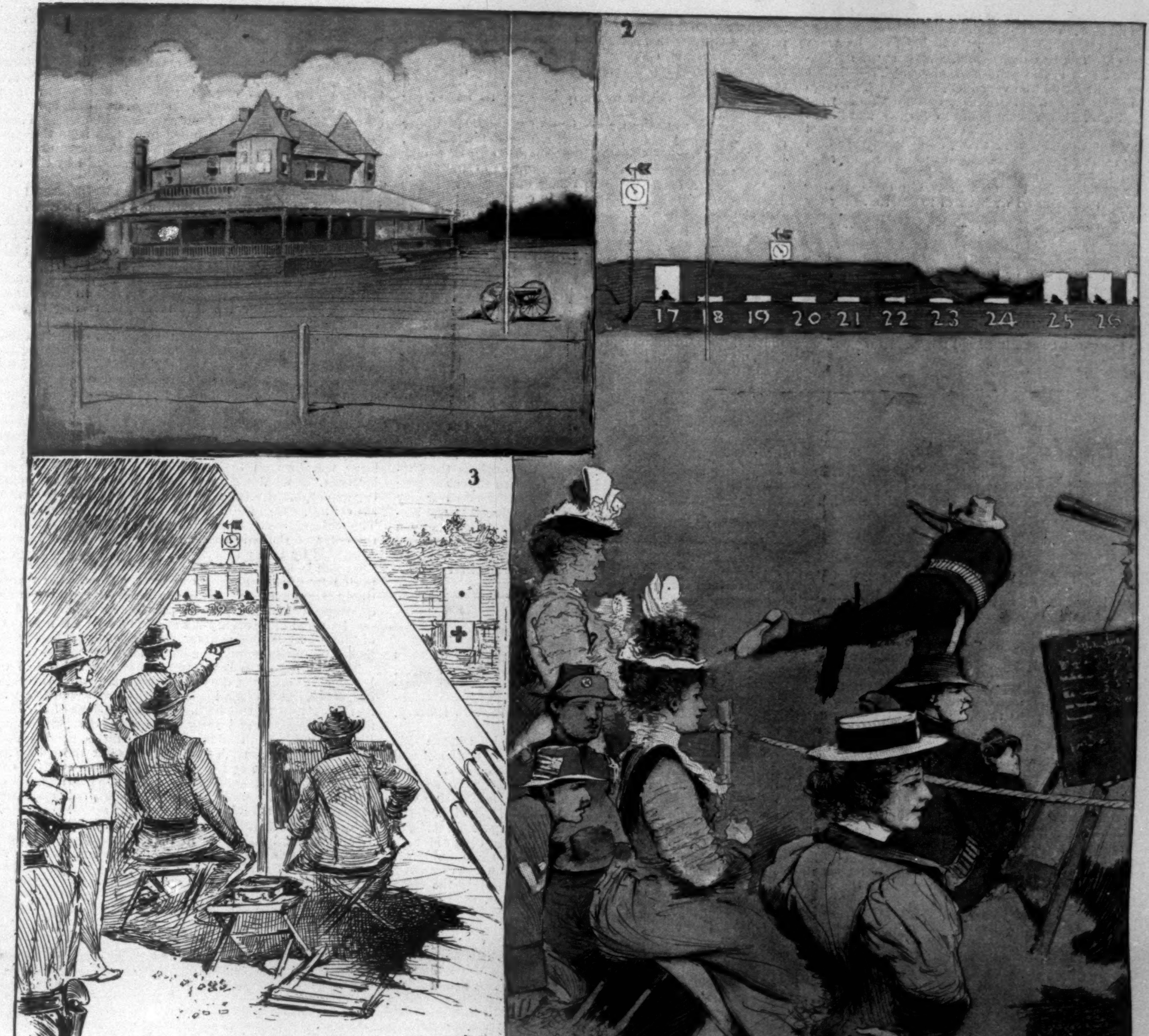
"Yes, I have come quickly," said Mitsos; "and oh, cousin, do not talk to me before I have eaten, for I am hungrier than the deer in winter, and the pony is dead tired!"

"Give him to me," said Petrobey, "and go inside; you will find supper ready, and Nicholas is here."

"Nay, it is not fitting that you should look to the pony," said Mitsos.

"Little Mitsos, get you in," said Petrobey, and he led the pony off, for he had heard from Nicholas of Mitsos's oath to Yanni, and how, though for a reason Nicholas did not understand, Mitsos had been very loath to leave Nauplia, but had gone at once; and with that fine instinct, so unreasonable and yet so beautiful, to serve those a man admires, he wished to do this little service for the boy. Nicholas and he had talked it over, and Petrobey said it was clear that Mitsos was in love, and Nicholas was inclined to agree, though they could not form the smallest guess as to who the girl might be.

Mitsos had a prodigious supper, and Nicholas having given him a handful of tobacco, he declared himself capa-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MILITARY SHARP-SHOOTERS AT SEA GIRT, NEW JERSEY—SCENES AT THE "INTER-STATE" COMPETITIONS HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—DRAWN BY ALFRED BRENNAN.—[SEE PAGE 934.]

1. The Club-House. 2. Inter-State Match—shooting at the New United States Army Regulation Profile Targets. 3. Revolver Match. 4. In the Club-House—the Georgia Team reading of their Successes. 5. The Hilton Trophy—won by the Georgia State Team. 6. The "Soldier of Marathon," the Inter-State Trophy—won by the Georgia State Team. 7. The Wimbledon Cup—won by Lieutenant F. C. Wilson, of Georgia.

ble of talking, and put forth to them a full account of his journey, and in turn asked what news.

"Much news," said Petrobey; "a little bad and a great deal of good. The bad comes first, and it is this: Nicholas is afraid that it will soon be known at Tripoli that he is here, and that will be very inconvenient. Two days ago he met two Turkish soldiers, and he thinks they recognized him. They were going to Tripoli, and it will not suit me at all well if they send again to ask me to find him, for we have other work to do, and already the clan is moving up into the mountains so as to be ready for the work, and to send twenty men after Nicholas would be most inconvenient, for I expect they will make two or three Turkish soldiers go with them to see that they try to find him."

"That does not matter, cousin," said Nicholas, "but it is the thought of Yanni in Tripoli which vexes me. At present, of course, he is perfectly safe; but supposing a message comes that you or I are ordered to be at Tripoli in three days?"

Petrobey laughed.

"Mehemet Salik dare not," he said; "he simply dare not. They have no cause to suspect me, and if the worst comes to the worst he can but send to search for you."

Mitsos yawned.

"Yet I wish Yanni were here," he said, "for I love Yanni, and I have sworn to him the oath of the clan. But I am sleepier than the noonday owl. When do you suppose I may go for him, cousin?"

"In a week or less, I hope, and in the interval there is the fire-ship work for you to learn. Of that to-morrow, so get you to bed, little Mitsos."

Mitsos got up with great sleepy eyes and stretched himself.

"A bed with sheets," he said. "Oh, but I thank the Mother of God for beds!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OPENING OF THE BOSTON SUBWAY.

THE opening of the first division of the Boston subway on the 1st of September demonstrated at once its value as the key of the rapid-transit problem in that city, and offered an example to other cities of what might be done by utilizing the underground opportunities in local passenger traffic. The effect was like that when a barrier is removed from the channel of a clogged-up river. Not only did the new route offer a remarkably speedy and efficient means for getting through one of the most congested districts of the city, but the tremendous pressure upon the surface thoroughfares was at once relieved, and movement became free and accelerated to a degree that had never been witnessed by the present generation. The first car through the subway entered upon the incline at the Public Garden at about six o'clock in the morning; it was an open car from the westerly sections of Greater Boston—Allston and Cambridge—and carried the enormous number of something over one hundred and fifty passengers clinging wherever they could maintain a foothold, the most of them ambitious of the distinction of the first trip underground. All through the day the traffic was enormous, and over one hundred thousand passengers were carried. The first holiday test came within a week; on Labor day, at certain hours, the concentration of traffic was tremendous, and it was found that the station platforms, liberal as the calculations had been, were not long enough for such occasions.

The portion opened is the division from the entrance to the incline on the Public Garden at Boylston Street to the terminal at the corner of Park and Tremont streets, where the cars pass around a loop for the return trip. This division thus skirts the Common under the Boylston and Tremont street malls, and realizes the end that first suggested the undertaking—that of forever saving the historic open space from invasion by traffic. The Boylston Street branch has two tracks, and two of the four tracks in the main line of the subway under Tremont Street and the Common mall along that thoroughfare are used partially for the traffic of this division, which takes a large number of the lines of cars between the westerly and southerly sections of the city and the suburbs and the centre. For the time being several of the lines to those sections continue to pass over the surface with greatly accelerated movement, the time in the subway between the Park Square station and the Public Garden being but four minutes, and the surface time for the same distance being reduced to about seven, when fifteen minutes were previously not uncommon. The law requires, however, that on the completion of the entire subway all the surface tracks shall be taken from the streets along the Common. There are two stations on the Common—one near Park Street and the other near Boylston Street—each with two entrances and two exits, for north-bound and south-bound traffic, respectively. Entrance is by tickets, purchased at the foot of the broad and easy stone stairways, and these tickets are taken on the cars in lieu of cash fares.

The second division, under Tremont Street from the corner of Shawmut Avenue, will be opened to traffic in a comparatively few days, and will take all the lines from the southerly sections that hitherto stopped at the Tremont House terminal. The first division relieved the surface congestion to the extent of ninety cars an hour, and the opening of the second division will take a very large additional number from the surface. There are four tracks in the second division, and where crossings are necessary, both for the Boylston Street branch and the lines for Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street, "sub-subways" carry the tracks in such a manner as to prevent any interruption to traffic at the junctions. Two of the four tracks in the second division were intended for the Shawmut Avenue lines. But the new Boston elevated-railroad enterprise has caused a modification of the plans. Two of the tracks are to be used for the elevated cars, to which the northerly divisions of the subway, now under construction, are also to be devoted. The subway therefore furnishes the means for the elevated to get through the congested sections of the city economically and easily.

The subway has been leased to the West End Street Railway on terms that will pay interest and sinking-fund charges, and yield the municipality a profit on its investment. The elevated company has now, in turn, leased the West End, and it promises, by means of extensive transfer privileges between surface and elevated systems, to supply an unexampled system of rapid transit for the public of Greater Boston. Notwithstanding this outlook, however, there is a strong sentiment in the community that the elevated has obtained its valuable privileges altogether too cheaply from the Legislature, and without a sufficient compensation to the public for its use of the highways.

In addition to the other sections of the subway under construction and to be completed within a few months, the elevated enterprise calls for the building of a new section to connect with the elevated route to Cambridge, and also for a costly section passing under the harbor to East Boston. This latter section, in connection with the superb metropolitan improvements made at Revere Beach, and also the projected State highway along the north shore as far as the New Hampshire line, promises to make great changes in transit routes to Lynn and beyond.

The subway proves a remarkably agreeable as well as convenient means of transit. The air is good, the temperature is comfortable, and the light-hued walls reflect the glow of many hundreds of incandescent lamps that brightly illuminate it. On the æsthetic side, however, a valid objection is made. The engineering character of the work, admirable as it is, is too baldly manifest, and the architectural opportunities have not been sufficiently improved. At the stations and entrances, for example, the columns, piers, and girders might happily have furnished motives for architectural form and accent. The art-loving public finds the Transit Commission blameworthy in this respect. The cost of the work would not have been materially enhanced by the outlays thus required, and the community has the right to expect artistic form in its works of public utility. Otherwise our city halls and our school-houses might be reduced to the barrack terms of the average shoe-factory. And many a railway tunnel in an unpeopled wilderness has an entrance of more dignity than that of the subway on the Boston Public Garden, where, of all places, monumental expression is called for.

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WE have so long been accustomed to think of Chicago architecture as a rather crude embodiment of brute force, asserting itself by Brobdingnagian height and ponderousness, that it is a delightful relief to find that Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, the architects of the new Library, have adopted the classic style.

The ground plan is rectangular, with its eastern side fronting upon Michigan Avenue, and the northern and southern bounded respectively by Randolph and Washington streets. The façades of blue Bedford stone are impressively monumental. The basement is massive and severely plain, with square-headed lights, the whole forming a continuous stylobate, or base, to support the series of arches which mark the second floor. The upper story is an Ionic-columned order crowned with a rich entablature and balustrade. There is thus a gradation from massiveness to elegance. At the angles of the building the architecture projects in the nature of pavilions, which relieve the monotony of line, give an additional strength to the whole mass, and especially serve to frame and dignify the entrances. The Randolph Street entrance is by a portico of Doric columns surmounted by a cornice and balustrade. The spandrels which flank the arch above the door are to be embellished with sculpture. Upon Washington Street—as shown in one of the illustrations on page 924—the entrance is by a great arch, whose soffit is elaborately coffered. It is filled in by a bronze porch with massive transom and grille, decorated with acanthus and grapevine forms. Six glass-panelled mahogany doors lead into the storm porch, from which six fly doors, covered with green leather and studded with bronze nails, open into the hall. The requirements of the interior reduced the dimensions of this hall to fifty-two by forty-five feet, and the problem of designing in this space a staircase of sufficient height and dignity was a difficult one. The architects solved it by the ingenious device of spanning the staircase well at the level of the entresol or mezzanine floor with an arched bridge, which is connected with the stairway by balconies projecting from the side walls. This "bridge" is of white marble, and has its under side decorated with mosaics, so that it forms a very noble feature, as well as serving a practical end. Having mounted so far, the visitor finds in front of him three arches which form the entrance to the delivery-room. This stretches across the full width of the building, and has three divisions. The central part is square, with four piers at the corners, from which rise four elliptical arches, locked together by pendentives, which curve inwards as they rise, and gradually merge the square into a circle. From the cornice which crowns the circle rises an elliptical lantern, divided into panels glazed with colored leaded glass. The elliptical arches on the east and west of this central room lead into the other divisions of the delivery-room. Each of the other two encloses three round Roman arches, one set forming the entrance alluded to above, the other leading into the book-stacks behind the delivery desk which runs along that side of the three rooms. The material of the desk is white mahogany or *prima vera* with remarkably beautiful graining. The bronze screen which surmounts it is hand-tooled and chased with a delicacy and elaborateness of detail similar to that of the finest plate-work.

It is easier to give an idea of the general arrangement of this portion of the building than of the beauty of it, which is due to the lines of the architecture and the richness of the material employed. The floor of the hall below is of marble mosaic, into which is sunk the city arms wrought in bronze. Bronze, too, are the memorial tablets, the perforated doors giving access to the ventilation apparatus, the elevator screens, and the grilles over the interior windows. The staircase, commencing with two monolithic newel-posts, is entirely of white Carrara marble, inlaid with a conventional ornament of glass mosaic. (The decorations were executed by the Tiffany Glass and Decoration Co.) The lobby outside of the delivery-room is panelled with marble, above which is a broad frieze of glass mosaics, while the coffered ceiling is of stucco enriched with color. The same treatment of marble panelling and frieze of glass mosaic is continued in the delivery-room, where the mosaic ornament encircles great slabs of green serpentine marble, which are inlaid with inscriptions relating to the purposes of a library, and taken from Egyptian, Hebrew, Persian, Chinese, Greek, German, Spanish, French, Italian, and Latin sources.

In the lighting of this room and the staircase the architects have avoided the mistake made in the Congressional Library at Washington, where the electric-light bulbs are brought into direct conflict with the architecture and decoration. They have placed them in semi-spherical crates of bronze, filled in with opalescent glass. These are richly ornate and suspended by chains from the ceiling. Thus the architecture and decoration obtain the full value of the light, while the eyes are soothed by the soft glow which is diffused downward.

The main book-stacks are situated in the centre of the building and along the Michigan Avenue side. They are built in three sections, with stories seven feet high, the middle one being on a level with the floor of the delivery-room. Their construction is of steel with glass floors, and they are connected by special staircases and elevators for rapid and effective service. The stack-room for patent-records and bound newspapers is on the ground-floor—a single story ten feet in height, resting directly upon the floor of tiles.

It is interesting to note that the position of the reading and reference rooms is the same as that proposed for the New York Public Library, viz., on the top floor of the building. At Chicago they are reached directly by the stairs and elevators of the Randolph Street entrance, and are connected by a short corridor with the Washington Street stair hall. The dimensions of the reference-room are one hundred and thirty-nine feet by thirty-nine, and thirty feet high. Abundance of light is obtained from large windows on both of the long sides. The spaces between the windows are treated with pilasters, supporting an entablature from which spring the main girders of the ceiling, which is divided into coffers by smaller beams. The wainscoting is of Sienna marble, and the walls are of the color of Pentelic marble. The heating apparatus is concealed by heavy bronze grille-work. At each end of the room is a clock, the face of which is in relief and supported by life-sized figures of boys, personifying respectively Night and Day. The furniture is of light American quartered oak, and the tables provide accommodation for one hundred and seventy-six students. At the south end of the room is the counter for the attendants, who, by means of elevators, procure books from the stacks below.

The reading-room is the most imposing feature of the interior. It occupies the entire northern front of the building, and is lighted on all sides by windows seven feet wide and twenty-three feet high. The dimensions of the room are one hundred and forty feet by fifty-five, and thirty-three feet high. The immense ceiling is carried upon heavy steel trusses. There are seats for three hundred and forty readers, and room at the newspaper-stands for seventy-five more. Communicating with this room on the same floor is the top division of the book-stack, containing three stories of shelving devoted to the bound periodicals.

The architectural treatment of the reading-room is similar in general character to that of the reference-room. The color scheme, however, is more sumptuous. The wainscot is of verd-antique; the walls are dark red, and the three members of the entablature — the architrave, frieze, and cornice — are treated in color so as to form intermediate steps of yellow, green, and blue between the walls and the ceiling. The higher parts of the relief ornament upon the pilasters, cornice, and coffers are emphasized with metal—gold of an antique finish against a background of transparent colors. The furniture is of dark American oak, plain and solid in appearance.

The Randolph Street entrance opens through doors of East Indian mahogany into a vestibule finished in blue Bedford stone, and thence through leather-covered doors into a square lobby walled with green-veined Vermont marble. Beyond this is a hall the panels of which are of white Italian marble, outlined with pink Knoxville marble. The last material is also used for the staircase, the balustrade of which consists of a marble string-rail and newel-posts with rich bronze balusters. On the second floor one reaches a lobby from which is the entrance to the suite of rooms occupied by the G. A. R. The most important of these is Memorial Hall. Arched windows fourteen feet wide form the basis of the design of this room. On the sides where doors and windows do not occur the recesses are utilized to contain the flag-cases of bronze and plate-glass. The piers are of verd-antique marble, with bronze mouldings, enriched with ornament and finished in satin gold color. The arches and tympana repeat the tones of the marble and bronze; the spandrels are a rich red, and the ceiling is treated in lighter tones of green, buff, brown, and bronze. The tympana of the arches are decorated in stucco with a shell-like centre, designed as a background for busts of the heroes of the civil war, which are to be placed in them. The panels in the soffits of the arches contain each the badge of one of the army corps, while the centre spandrel at the west end is decorated with a large reproduction of the familiar badge of the association.

The building is as complete in its mechanical equipment as an Atlantic liner. It furnishes its own heat, light, ventilation, and power for running elevators, pumps, air-compressors, and coal and ash conveyers. In the vaults is storage room for a ship-load of coals. Pneumatic tubes connect the different departments; a telephone exchange is maintained in the building, and a series of electric clocks has been installed, which is controlled by the master clock over the switchboard in the engine-room. Notwithstanding the richness of materials and the uniform thoroughness of the work, the building has been erected economically. The cost per cubic foot of space enclosed is forty-eight cents, while the average office-building costs from thirty-five to forty cents. It is a noble addition to the great buildings of the country.

SEA GIRT, 1897.

WITHOUT entering upon a disquisition or anywise a criticism of conditions favorable or unfavorable to shooters and others at Sea Girt, one can briefly and perhaps entertainingly present what, after all, are impressions to be relied on—impressions that should more or less directly influence far more men and women to be present at future meetings than were found this year at the fine ranges of the New Jersey State Rifle Association.

For all who betake themselves from home, seeking a holiday, weather is naturally a first consideration, and of this the very best seems to prevail at Sea Girt—has, indeed, prevailed, we are told, every autumn since the association decided to meet on or about September 1. Formerly, as many know, the American Rifle Association's annual gatherings at Creedmoor, occurring as they did weeks later, came in for an amount of detestable weather that was withstood only by virtue of the most lively interest in what is a truly admirable sport for both the contestants and their audiences. Numerous and convenient trains run to Sea Girt station, which so nearly adjoins the grounds that it is but a pleasurable walk to the club-house and ranges.

Actuated by a strong desire to see these annual meetings far more largely attended, one naturally tries to reason why they are not, and, doing this, the foremost fact appears to be that our guardsmen lack that very considerable (almost constant) practice which the victorious Georgians have at home, where most of the year with them is good shooting weather. Top scores can be made only after much excellent practice, and this being the case with individual marksmen, it remains all the more emphatically true of teams. Were our guardsmen accommodated and, in many ways that they are not, encouraged to much practice, as it is obvious the Southerners have been these three years past, a different result for 1897 would doubtless be recorded to-day, and not only would some few organizations have put up a close and spirited contest (as did the New-Yorkers last week), but many would be represented, and the whole game played far better on its merits as an out-and-out competition.

Knowing, as they now unmistakably know, what has been cut out for them, what they have to beat to win again, Eastern, Northern, and Western guardsmen will far more surely solve the problem and reclaim the highly prized trophies by excellence got through much practice than by any sort or order of handicap soever, because handicap, even at its best, is but a begging of the question, and more certainly involves nice mathematical calculations based on what has been relatively done than any of the considerations intimately related to real capabilities of individual marksmen. Liberally helped to much practice, individually and as teams, we could soon confidently name winners other than the proud Georgians.

And when the ladies come to the new range in tucks and frills that would have sadly perished at the old, and sit out in the sparkling September sun, there will be, consequently, an enlivened interest that is really due this very practical sport called rifle practice.

Alfred Brennan.

PRESIDENT FAURE IN RUSSIA.

In the visit to Russia of President Faure, France has just given the world a very interesting spectacle. If the world has been somewhat inclined to regard it as a comedy as well, it is perhaps for the very reason that France has taken it so seriously. At the present time France is in the position of the small boy whom all the other boys of any account but one have refused to play with. So for that particular one there are no expressions of regard too extravagant.

With Germany in firm possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and with her natural hate of England still hot in her heart, France turned with outstretched arms to Russia, and the visit to the Tsar of her President is a magnificent expression of her affection. Nothing could be more effective than the manner in which the visit was planned and executed. For weeks before President Faure started, the French papers seethed with the preliminary news of his departure. And then it was to be for such a long journey! The triumphant discovery of London, made two years before by Alphonse Daudet, which created so much excitement in Paris, was as nothing compared with it. Of course, before leaving, the President must take a formal farewell of the city, and carry with him into Russia greetings fresh from the open throats of his people.

On arriving at Dunkirk, President Faure, accompanied by M. Hanotaux, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and by Admiral Besnard, Minister of Marine, found a French cruiser, the *Pothuan*, awaiting him, and two other fine war-ships, the *Bruix* and the *Surcouf*, ready to perform escort duty. It seemed a pity, not long after embarking, amid cheering and the waving of flags, that the *Bruix*, a new vessel, by-the-way, should have ingloriously broken down and been forced to put back.

However, the battle-ship *Dupuy de Lome* took her place, and on the morning of Monday, August 23, the Presidential party arrived in the harbor of Cronstadt, amid salvos from the Russian artillery. The Grand-Duke Alexis, High Admiral of Russia, was soon conveyed on board, and welcomed the visitors. Then the President, under the escort of the Duke, proceeded to the yacht *Alexandra*, lying near by, where the Tsar was ready to receive him. Some one has reported the first words of greeting spoken by the Tsar, and they are so unlike what might be expected under the circumstances that they are probably exactly true: "Welcome to Russia. Thank you for coming. I trust you left madame and mademoiselle in good health. I hope you had a good passage. At any rate, you had no reason to complain of the Gulf of Finland. Peterhof is at the other side."

To Peterhof, the Tsar's Summer Palace, they soon made their way, meeting, of course, a great many dignitaries at the landing. In the palace more dignitaries awaited them, but the President passed very little time with them, for he had to start for Alexandra Palace, which, it seems, is the particular palace of the Tsarina. There both the Tsar and the Tsarina received him in the Louis XV. room. Then back to the Peterhof Palace went all three, and the informal luncheon at noon was followed by a banquet at night, where Emperor Nicholas toasted the President, and President Faure toasted the Emperor.

The second day of his visit the President devoted to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the imperial yacht at noon. The banks of the Neva were crowded with enthusiastic Russians, and the Governor and the civic authorities were on hand to welcome the guest. Félix Faure will probably never forget that day. He reviewed and addressed the Russian troops; he visited the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, where on the tomb of Alexander III. he placed a golden olive wreath; he laid the corner-stone of the new French hospital; he inspected the city, paying particular attention to the house of Peter the Great; he was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new bridge, where the religious ceremonies were very impressive, and he heard himself and his country prayed for, and where the French and Russian soldiers are said to have become so enthusiastic in their friendship that they embraced one another like brothers; he went to see the Cathedral of St. Isaac, and paid several official calls; he attended dinner at the French Embassy, and he gave a reception there to the French residents of the city; and finally he was borne on the imperial train back to Peterhof.

The next day the President, together with the Tsar and Tsarina, reviewed 50,000 Russian troops. A curious feature of the review was the appearance at the head of the Tsarina's lancers of Prince Napoleon. In the evening the Tsar gave a banquet, to which the officers of the French squadron were invited.

But the great day was the fourth and last of the visit. Till now the Tsar, though he had said many delightful things about France, had not referred in any way to an "alliance" between France and Russia. At the luncheon given on board the *Pothuan* in his honor by the President, shortly before saying farewell, he referred to France and Russia as "two friendly and allied nations." It was the climax of the drama.

Of course on his arrival home a few days later President Faure received another ovation, and the French press is still ringing with echoes of his visit. In the mean time the other European nations are saying to themselves and to one another, "Do you suppose Russia means it?"

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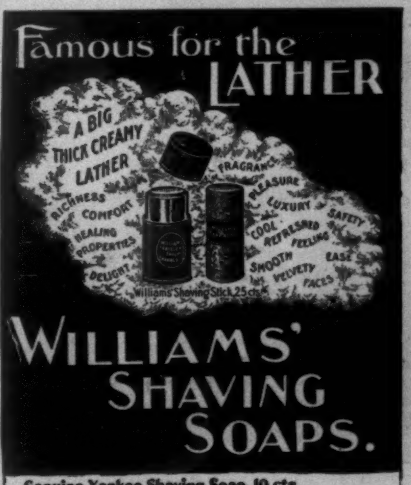

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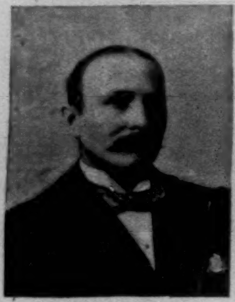
AMATEVR · SPORT

THE CHICAGO GOLF CLUB'S LINKS.

The course of the Chicago Golf Club, where the open and amateur championships are being decided this week, occupies a unique position in the world at the present moment. There is no other links, either in Great Britain or America, which is situated at a distance from the seacoast, and is yet comparable with the first-class courses in Europe. Such a course in England or Scotland is naturally out of the question. No club would find it worth while to spend the requisite money on an inland links when there are so many sea-side courses within easy reach.


C. B. MACDONALD,
Champion '95.

JNO. REID, JR.

And in this country, where the majority of clubs are probably in the interior, there are very few courses which have been laid out on the very best golfing principles. In order to approximate as nearly as possible to the St. Andrews links in Scotland, which in point of distance and arrangement is the standard course of the world, the holes at Wheaton have been so disposed as to call for the same display of accuracy and power as is necessary on the grounds of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. There are eleven holes in the round which can be reached under favorable circumstances in two good shots, varying from two driver shots to one drive and a full iron. Of the remaining seven there are three, the first, the sixth, and the thirteenth, which necessitate three long drives unless there is a favoring wind, when two drives and an iron will be found sufficient. There are two short holes across the pond, possibly the prettiest short holes on any course, as they call for great accuracy in iron play and lead to many spoilt scores.

The remaining two holes, the eighth and eleventh, are of the easy length—a drive and a wrist shot—and therefore admit the possibility of a bad tee shot without punishment. In both cases, however, the greens are well guarded, and there is plenty of room for error.

The hazards, with the exception of the pond, are all sand bunkers, and the course is bounded on one side by a fence limiting the property, and on the other by long grass in order to place a premium upon straight play. At least fifty yards in width is always allowed, however, so that the player is never unreasonably cramped for room.

The turf is purely natural except at a few holes where the grass was not sown until two years ago. For the most part the original soil is there untouched except by the roller and grass-cutter, as it has been from time immemorial, and consequently the sod in most of the course is as good as it is possible to be.

The putting-greens also are for the most part natural. A water system, which includes four miles of piping and two enormous tanks fed by a steam-engine from an inexhaustible well, has made it possible to put 100,000 gallons of water per day upon the links, both on the putting-greens and on those spots of the course which have needed moisture. The great danger to a Western golf links comes from the extreme probability of a drought in July and August. In that respect nature has been exceedingly thoughtful during the last two months, and a sufficient quantity of rain has fallen to obviate the necessity of much extra watering except on the putting-greens.

The advantages of a good water system cannot be overestimated where courses, as is generally the case in this country, are subject to dry spells. And it may safely be asserted that without such a thorough scheme for supplying moisture, the putting-greens at Wheaton could never have been brought to anything like their present state.

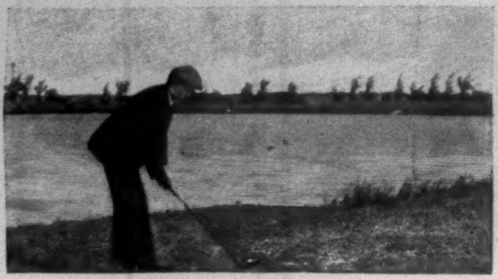
For the first time in the history of golf in America the great event of the year will be decided in a perfectly satisfactory way, because never before has there been an eighteen-hole course available which admitted a genuine test of golf. The meeting will therefore have its educational advantages. As the standard of play is raised the desire for better courses will increase, and one cannot help feeling that although many of the Eastern courses have been improved since last year, the Wheaton links will be a revelation to many players who have not had the opportunity of studying the best links abroad, or some of the good nine-hole courses in America, such as Myopia and Meadow Brook.

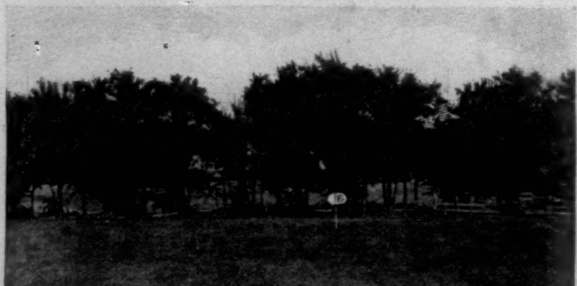
H. J. Whigham.

THE BOOM IN GOLF.

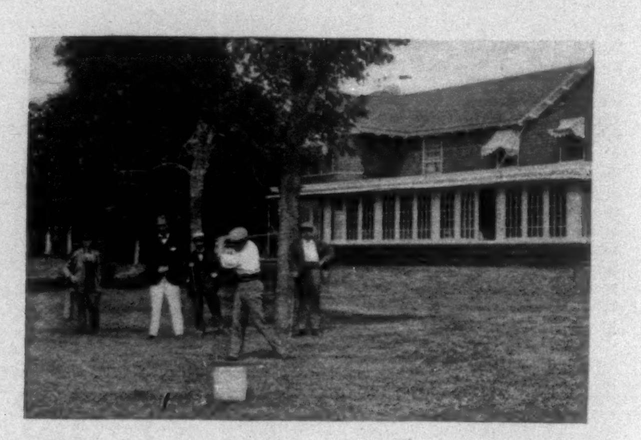
It is natural and almost inevitable that we English people in this sixtieth year of our Queen's reign—called, rather fantastically, her Diamond Jubilee—should be comparing the present things with the past, our social and various conditions of to-day with those under which our forebears lived when our Queen came to the throne. And in this comparison there are no features of contrast that appear more striking than the altered point of view towards all out-door games and pastimes; and perhaps the most striking particular instance of this general change of view is to be seen in the regard that is now bestowed upon golf, in comparison with the neglect and ignorance of that blessed game which was the portion of our early Victorian forefathers. Now if this altered view were merely insular, I should be making too heavy a demand on the generosity and breadth of sympathy in American readers in asking them to listen to a discussion of it; but since it is world-wide, so far as the Anglo-Saxon has exploited the world (that is to, say, fairly ubiquitously), it needs no apology for taking a brief glance at a change that has affected so large a portion of humanity; for it appears that the mother-country is able to claim to have set the example in this interest applied to athletic pursuits, both to her own colonies and to the American nation.

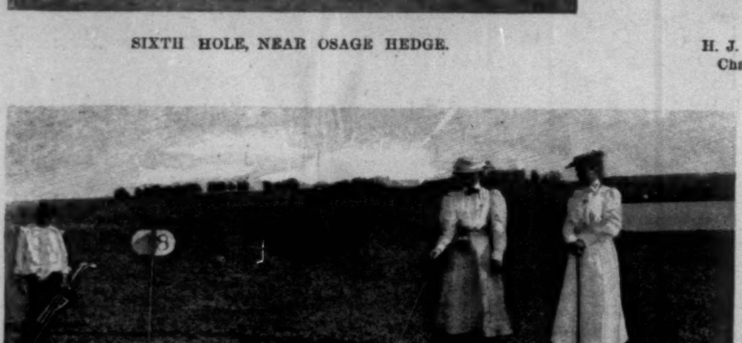
When the Queen began to reign—that is, in 1837—there was practically no interest taken in athletic pursuits, whether at home or abroad. I find a very little interest attaching to rowing, and a little local interest in cricket; but in any other branch of athletic pursuits virtually none at all. Football was unheard of; we had not your baseball; athletic sports were not. The only events that bore any analogy to athletic sports were occasional pedestrian matches, generally against time. A certain Captain Barclay had walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours—a great feat in those days. Thereon a certain other soldier, finding some excellent sausages at table, backed himself to eat a thousand of them in a thousand hours—one every hour for six weeks! Captain Barclay accomplished his pedestrian feat, but the gastronomic athlete gave up at the third sausage. The first athletic sports worthy of the name was a meeting got up by some undergraduates of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1847, only fifty years ago. Football was a later invention again, and did not reach its present elaboration for a long while. Golf, so far as England was concerned, virtually did not exist. In England, however, was the course of the golf club that has older records than any other in the world, namely, the Royal Blackheath Club, which James I. of England (Sixth of Scotland) instituted when he came down south to govern England and get into considerable trouble over the business. Considering his addiction to golf he ought to have been a better king, for he founded also the King James VI. Golf Club at Perth. It was soon after the beginning of the second half of the present century that a St. Andrews man happened to come down to Westward Ho, in North Devon, and walking on some links' turf by the shore of the Atlantic, told his English host that they were walking over first-class potential golfing ground. This was between 1850 and 1860, just at the time when, as we have seen, England, and the Anglo-Saxon world in general, was waking up to a new-born interest in all athletic matters. Golf, besides being an excellent athletic game, calling out the best qualities of eye, muscle, head, and nerve, is also a game eminently adapted for men who have arrived at that middle age at which running is a disagreeable necessity, rather than a delight, at such games as cricket, rackets, tennis, or even lawn-tennis. Therefore the game met a double want; and the manner in which it spread all round the English coast, and has now penetrated to every available inland heath and common—some of them not in the least degree suited for the play of the game in its perfection—it does not need to chronicle in detail. It happened that while the athletic spirit of the Anglo-Saxon was in process of awakening, the invention of gutta-percha golf-balls was born into the world. It was an invention that made golf cheap. Previously it was an expensive game, for the old feather-stuffed balls cost about four shillings apiece, while the new balls could be bought for one shilling, and when you hit one of the gutta-percha balls a crack on the crown with an iron you only scored a dent in it, whereas when you similarly maltreated one of the old-fashioned balls you cut a hole in it, through which the stuffing came out, and the ball was ruined. Added to these factors of the game's popularity there was the accident that Mr. A. J. Balfour was known to be an enthusiastic golfer, and was at that time at an even greater height of popularity and public esteem than he holds at present as leader of the House of Commons, being then engaged with conspicuous success and under peculiarly trying circumstances in the duties of the Chief Secretary-

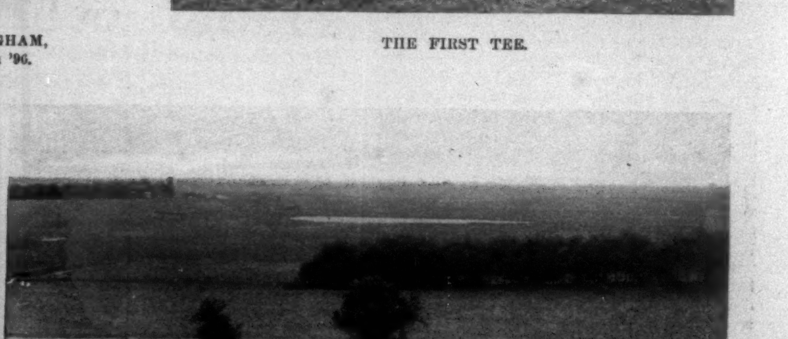

POND HOLE.


SIXTH HOLE, NEAR OSAGE HEDGE.

H. J. WHIGHAM,
Champion '96.


THE FIRST TEE.


THE EIGHTH HOLE.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THE CHICAGO CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF LINKS.

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FINDLAY DOUGLAS.

J. A. TYNG.

ship of Ireland. It is of course impossible to make an exact estimate of the influence that Mr. Balfour exercised on the already rising popularity of golf, but I am convinced that in this country, where the politician's career is more highly considered than in any other, his influence was not slight in setting the fashion. And it was an influence that combined with the other factors to popularize the game not only in England, but also in Scotland, the land of its nativity. For though it is true that golf has been played in Scotland for an immemorial time, it is yet not to be thought that it was always as common or as popular in Scotland as it is now. Probably it would not be inexact to say that whereas golfers in Scotland were numbered by units when the Queen began to reign, they may be numbered by fifties to-day; but in England for every unit that played golf in that early Victorian period the golfer of to-day is in his tens of thousands.

I have referred to Westward Ho as being the first seaside links in England to receive the tradition of golf; but there were clubs of older institution than Westward Ho south of the Tweed. There was the old Manchester club, its senior by a year or two; but older than the old Manchester club is the club at Pau, in the south of France, where many an American golfer has learned the game; and yet older again and more interesting as an institution than either is the Calcutta Golf Club, formed by a band of Scotsmen in that far-off country and under that sultry sun. Of course golf links are to-day in India as they are all the rest of the world over, legion, but at that time the Calcutta establishment was unique, which is a noteworthy fact of golfing history. In South Africa the game has become no less popular, and even in the midst of the fuss and fury incidental to that most unfortunate raid with which Dr. Jameson's name is inseparably associated, Johannesburg took a little breathing-space to hold a golf meeting. In Australia and New Zealand there are golf courses and golf championships. Hong-kong is quite an old arena of golf, and it needs not that I should relate here that golf is occasionally played in America. On the first occasion that it was played in that country to the present writer's knowledge he had himself the honor of taking part. It is now a decade or so ago that the writer was staying at Hempstead, in Long Island, and over an impromptu course laid out on the policies of the Meadow Brook Club, played a round under the critical eyes of a select gallery of its members. Their chief criticism at that time was that they thought it looked like "a very good game for Sunday." On returning home the writer sent out some clubs; but it was no good. Sunday did not come often enough, or the clubs did not suit—nothing, at all events, ever came of it. The seed was sown before the soil was ready for it. The game did not catch on. Now, however, it seems to have "caught" so satisfactorily that Americans have even been known to play it on a week-day.

The writer is prejudiced, of course. Golf has always been his noble infatuation, but it seems scarcely possible to conceive but that the world is the better of its golf boom. Putting aside all the high-class excellencies of the game when played in high-class fashion, surely for the middle-aged and sedentary, who play it in a moderate and unathletic way, it is still a blessed thing. It is a game that combines a sufficiency of exercise with long hours in the open air and absence of a demand for excessive exertion. The folk that ought to encourage golf with all their resources are the life-assurance people. The premiums they receive must be indefinitely prolonged. Their only danger is that the middle-aged and sedentary may cease to insure and may prefer to take to golf instead. Most men of one's acquaintance seem to be middle-aged; for most middle-aged men it is bad to run; and, curiously enough, seeing that it is bad for them, it is a form of exercise that most middle-aged men dislike. Commonly, both in middle age and in all the seven stages, it is that which we dislike the most that is most beneficial for us. But golf uniquely combines the *utile* with the *dulci*, and makes the lives of golfers "far and sure" more certainly than their driving.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS ASSOCIATION, NEWPORT CASINO, AUGUST 18-26, 1897.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Finals.	Winner of All Comers.	Champion, 1897.
	F. F. Brooks.	Whitman, by default.	Whitman, 9-7, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1.	Nisbet, 8-6, 4-6, 6-4, 8-6.	Nisbet, 3-6, 2-6, 9-7, 6-4, 6-4.	Eaves, 7-5, 6-3, 6-2.	R. D. Wrenn, 4-6, 8-6, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2.
M. D. Whitman, W. J. Clothier.	Whitman, 6-3, 6-0, 6-0.						
H. S. Mahony, Ewing Stillé.	Mahony, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3.	Mahony, 6-4, 6 0, 6-1.					
T. R. Pell, J. C. Goodfellow.	Goodfellow, 6-3, 6-8, 6-2, 6-2.						
J. K. Willing, J. F. Talmage, Jr.	Willing, by default.	Nisbet, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4.	Nisbet, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.				
H. H. Hackett, H. A. Nisbet.	Nisbet, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.						
John A. Ryerson, R. D. Little.	Ryerson, 6-3, 11-9, 3-6, 6-3.	Wright, 6-2, 6-4, 3-6, 5-7, 6-3.					
B. C. Wright, Percival Marshall.	Wright, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1.						
Arthur P. Hawes, W. A. Larned.	Larned, 6-2, 6-3, 6-0.	Larned, 8-6, 3-6, 6-2, 8-6.	Larned, 6-3, 6-1, 6-4.	Larned, 6-4, 6-1, 6-3.			
Clarence P. Dodge, George Wrenn, Jr.	Wrenn, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2, 5-7, 6-3.						
E. S. White, J. D. Forbes.	Forbes, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2.	Forbes, 6 1, 6-3, 1-6, 6-0.					
Deane Miller, Paul Macmahon.	Macmahon, by default.						
Richard Stevens, M. G. Chace.	Stevens, by default.	Smith, by default.	Fischer, 7-5, 8-6, 6-2.				
M. D. Smith, Ralph McKittrick.	M. D. Smith, 6-2, 7-5, 6-4.						
E. P. Fischer, C. A. Gould.	Fischer, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.	Fischer, 4-6, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2, 6-4.					
A. W. Post, W. S. Bond.	W. S. Bond, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1.						
D. F. Davis, Richard Hooker.	Davis, 1-6, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4.	E. Wrenn, 7-5, 6-2, 6-0.	Paret, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4, 6-1.	Eaves, 6-4, 6-1, 3-6, 6-3.	Eaves, 6-0, 6-2, 6-4.		
Evarts Wrenn, R. D. Thurber.	E. Wrenn, 6-4, 6-3, 6-0.						
H. McKittrick, Marcus Goodbody.	Goodbody, by default.	Paret, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0.					
G. P. Sheldon, Jr., J. P. Paret.	Paret, 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.						
W. V. Eaves, F. B. Stevens, Jr.	Eaves, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.	Eaves, 6-4, 4-6, 6-0, 6-3.	Eaves, 7-5, 6-2, 6-2.				
W. K. Auchincloss, C. R. Budlong.	Budlong, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1.						
R. T. Gross, J. C. Neely.	Neely, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3.	Neely, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.					
H. E. Avery, John C. Davidson.	Davidson, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.						
O. M. Bostwick, T. P. Goodbody.	Bostwick, 9-7, 9-7, 6-3.	Ward, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3.	Ward, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4	Ware, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4.			
Holcombe Ward, Alfred Codman.	Ward, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.						
H. A. Plummer, W. W. Reese.	Reese, 2-6, 6-4, 5-7, 6-4, 10-8.	Lee, 6-4, 6-1, d.					
G. W. Lee, W. D. Brownell.	Lee, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.						
Rodney Proctor, J. S. Cushman.	Cushman, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.	Ware, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.	Ware, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.				
E. Treshman, L. E. Ware.	Ware, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.						
B. Marshall, E. K. McEnroe.	Marshall, by default.	Holt, by default.					
	H. J. Holt.					R. D. Wrenn, Champion 1896.	

Consolation final—C. P. Dodge beat R. D. Thurber, 6-1, 6-2.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Preliminary Round.	Semi-final Round.	Final Round.	Inter-scholastic Champion.
L. H. Turner (Chicago U.), A. P. Hawes (Harvard).	Hawes, by default.	Fincke, 6-0, 2-6, 3-6, 6-2, 6-2.	Fincke, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 8-6.
Reginald Fincke (Yale), A. L. Alexander (Princeton).	Fincke, 8-6, 7-5, 3-6, 6-4.		
W. J. Clothier (U. of Pa.), T. R. Pell (Columbia).	Pell, 6-0, 6-0, 6-2.	Pell, by default.	
	J. C. Small (Bowdoin).		

DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mahony and Nisbet, winners of Eastern doubles, *vs.* Ware and Sheldon, winners of Western doubles.	Ware and Sheldon, 11-13, 6-2, 9-7, 1-6, 6-1.	Ware and Sheldon, by default.
	C. B. and S. R. Neel, champions 1896.	

Just as a prospect was shaping for the advancement of club rowing in the favor of American sportsmen—here comes the Ten Eyck-Maguire episode, positively repellent with its ear-marks of professional match-making. From first to last there has been an offensive parading of "representatives," "agreements," "backers." Greater prominence, indeed, could not have been given these professional accompaniments had Ten Eyck the elder and Hosmer or any other professional oarsman been arranging for a race.

Ten Eyck junior is the young man who won the Diamond Sculls last July at Henley, for which he was entered by a Worcester rowing club. Maguire is the Boston oarsman who lately achieved American amateur championship honors in the senior sculls on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia. Ten Eyck was also entered for this event, and went into training at Philadelphia, but withdrew the day before the regatta opened, offering lack of condition as the excuse for his action.

Shortly after Maguire had won the championship, however, rumors of a match race between him and Ten Eyck were freely circulated—the name of a well-known "handler" of professionals being industriously connected with the proceedings.

Meantime, the Labor-day regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association (a branch of the N. A. A. O.) was approaching, and the Regatta Committee empowered Walter Stimpson, vice-president, to invite Messrs. Ten Eyck and Maguire to hold their race under Association auspices on that day. Both men accepted, Maguire writing for himself, and Ten Eyck's acquiescence being conveyed by his "representative." Subsequently "the representatives" of Ten Eyck and Maguire met, just as did the representatives of Corbett and Fitzsimmons in the *Police Gazette* office when completing their preliminary arrangements, and drew up conditions and signed agreements, quite after the orthodox professional manner of settling such matters.

On August 31 Mr. Stimpson received a letter from W. J. Cleary, Maguire's "representative," which read (I quote from Mr. Stimpson's letter to me) "that Maguire had authorized him to inform me that he would not row at our regatta on Labor day. Giving no excuse."

That is the whole story—and a most unpleasant one it is. Under the amateur law Ten Eyck or Maguire or any other man who pretends to be an amateur has no business with "representatives"; nor have "agreements" and "conditions," etc., between individuals any place in amateur sport. The rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen were framed to govern all racing under its auspices, just as the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union are for the government of racing between amateur athletes. Special dual matches are unusual and undesirable in amateur sport, but when they do occur the rules of the national or sectional governing body are entirely equal to the needs of the occasion.

The mark of the professional throughout the Ten Eyck-Maguire negotiations is unmistakable, and the New England Rowing Association ought to congratulate itself on escaping the responsibility of a meeting that has every indication of having been incited and influenced by the betting or "sporting" elements of Worcester and Boston.

I do not go so far as to say that either Ten Eyck or Maguire was a *particeps criminis* in this matter—on the contrary, I should say that neither would knowingly besmirch his amateur standing at the very beginning of his career. They are eager to race, no doubt, and both live in the midst of professional and betting elements, so it is more than probable that each, intent on meeting the other, has failed to recognize the unwholesome atmosphere which evidently enveloped some of those reported prominently concerned in the transactions. Maguire's withdrawal after voluntarily agreeing to row seems, however, to somewhat contradict this theory.

It is not the young men upon whom our criticism falls heaviest, but upon the New England Rowing Association, that it should tolerate even the suggestion of a race so patronized by the professional sporting element, and yet heavier upon the officials of Ten Eyck's and Maguire's respective boat clubs, who, instead of lending themselves to such professional methods of match-making, should have properly guided the young oarsmen from the beginning. Or if they refused guidance, reported them to the Association Regatta Committee.

At all events, the incident has furnished a good lesson to the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and one which, promptly acted upon, will continue that public confidence it has been gaining in recent years—a little at a time, but steadily. At its next meeting, in January, match races which cannot be arranged for and rowed under the N. A. A. O. rules without the professional addenda of "representatives," "signed agreements," etc., should be forbidden.

The idea of "signed agreements" in sport between amateurs is intolerable, not to say incongruous. An agreement is valueless without a penalty for its breaking. What would be the forfeit for amateurs?

Furthermore, the N.A.A.O. should place a limit of value on prizes; there is now no such specification. Ten Eyck and Maguire might row for a Worcester corner lot and still be amateurs, for all the N. A. A. O. rules to the contrary. And last, but most important of all, let there be no equivocal ruling against oarsmen with backers. They must be disqualified as fast as they show their heads.

If the N.A.A.O. considers the respect of sportsmen worth having, it must not permit another such an episode as that lately closed at Boston.

The entries for the golf championship have been swelled to an unexpectedly large figure by the number of second-class players exploited by Chicago clubs, and the many non-residents who will journey farther and have as little chance of qualifying. All in all there are fifty-nine entries, and twenty-five seems to be a generous estimate of those whose '97 play suggests fitness for the qualified list. Two are absent who were expected to stay in the tournament to the last rounds—Toler and Travis; Cutting, who gave much promise last year, and defeated Harriman at Newport week before last, is also an absentee; so are Sands, Bayard, and Terry. Of the Eastern entries, the ones most likely to qualify undoubtedly are Tyng, Douglas, Bowers, Reid, Keene, Harriman, Shaw, Thorp, Lynch, Sweny, Coats; of the Westerners, Whigham, Macdonald, W. B. Smith, Forgan, Tweedie; and from the South, Fenn. Macdonald, Whigham, Tweedie, and Forgan are well known, of course, and the only other Chicago player whose work has been really first-class is W. B. Smith.

When Harriman defeated Keene at Newport he revealed a steadiness of play that makes him a possible consideration for the final rounds. In fact, Harriman, Keene, Tyng, and Douglas all possess that same quality of play, steadiness—in addition to good skill—so their course through the tournament is sure to be marked by interesting play. Recently Macdonald has been showing very strong form, and he and Whigham are popularly credited with holding the championship between them. Comparisons in golfing form are rather difficult to draw and apt to be exceedingly misleading, but I think the championship may not so easily be disposed of. Whigham certainly impresses me as having the best chance for winning the honor, unless he has fallen off considerably since last year, but there seems to be good, stubborn, and expert fighting material in a full half-dozen of the Easterners, and in none more than in Tyng, Douglas, Keene, Harriman, and Thorp. Sweny and Coats were close up last year, but they have played so little this season we can hardly place them. Tyng's recent work has been quite his best, and stamps him on public form the strongest of the Easterners. Should he win over Whigham, it would be a great victory indeed for home-bred golf.

It will be regrettable if the waning yachting season be not enlivened by another match between *Vigilant* and *Navahoe*. Not that the question of the faster is undetermined, but a race between these two big single-stickers is always exciting—and yachting answering that description has not been abundant this season.

Then, too, it seems as if *Navahoe*, out of mere courtesy, owed *Vigilant* another race, after the award of the Newport Cup to the former on a foul that actually had no effect on the result proper. But Mr. Carroll appears to be satisfied, as he declined to enter for a special cup offered by the Larchmont Club for a race between the two, on the plea that *Navahoe* was going out of commission.

In squadron runs, open regattas, and match races the two sloops have now met six times—all in this season—and *Navahoe* has been the victor only twice. Their first meeting was in the Larchmont Fourth of July regatta, *Vigilant* winning by 4 m. The N.Y.Y.C. cruise and Goelet Cup race provided the next four meetings; on the run from Huntington to New London *Vigilant* finished first (elapsed time) by 15 m.; from New London to Newport *Vigilant*, on corrected time, won by 4 m. 50 s. In the Goelet Cup race *Navahoe* fairly outsailed *Vigilant*, which was not handled up to the usual high mark, winning by 1 m. actual time and 4 m. 21 s. corrected time. On the run from Vineyard Haven to Bar Harbor *Vigilant* finished first by a large margin.

These meetings led to the match race, which occurred on the 4th inst. over a course of 39¼ miles laid off Newport, for a cup offered by the local yachting association. *Navahoe* had her customary crew re-enforced by several expert Corinthians, and *Vigilant* had the English crew of *Wasp*, and was therefore hardly at her best.

To the first mark there was scarcely any breeze, and *Navahoe* gained 1 m. 45 s. on that leg, but thereafter, until the last leg, *Vigilant* gained steadily on every point of sailing, but especially on reaching. On the last leg *Navahoe*, when over six minutes behind, picked up a slant of wind and gained 2 m. 19 s. on *Vigilant*, which, however, crossed the line first by 3 m. 48 s., although her allowance of 2 m. 58 s. gave her a winning margin of but 50 s. The foul occurred on the last leg of the second round. *Vigilant* had gybed over to round the mark, when her boom swung back and struck the stake, and at the conclusion of the race Mr. Chubb notified the committee of the occurrence. It had absolutely no influence on the race, but Mr. Carroll protested and was presented the cup.

The Larchmont Club regattas on the 4th, 6th, and 11th inst. provided desired opportunities for further racing between *Syce* and *Vencedor*, and the triple victory of the former, added to her other conquests over the same rival this season, seems to give convincing evidence of superiority. *Vencedor* has always been a fast boat, and her present owner has certainly increased her speed. But she has, too, always been a somewhat unsteady performer, and appears to have retained something of the nature that characterized her Western sailing, despite improvements,—50 per cent. more sail and better handling. Besides all of which *Syce* is an exceedingly fast sloop, with a better model and a happier distribution of her power.

Some very interesting racing was furnished by the small boats on the 4th and 6th, although the fleeting airs of the sixth did their utmost to mar the sport, and, in fact, materially did affect it for the worse. On both occasions, however, *Kit* and *Win or Lose*, familiar names among this season's winning cat-boats, repeated the successful performances with which their names are associated. The only new interest was given by *Anoatok*, which Herreshoff built for Mr. Harold Sanderson to beat *Hansdel*. She failed of her purpose, but did succeed in defeating *Acushla*, the latter having the exceeding ill luck to be becalmed, though being the only other one of the class to finish. *Emerald* failed to appear, and *Colonia* had a sail-over in her class, and defeated *Amorita* on corrected time.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club was more fortunate in the matter of wind, and its autumn regatta—on the 4th—provided some very interesting racing by the small boats. The performance of *Shark*, the unsuccessful competitor in the international small-boat trials, was particularly noteworthy, and seemed to lend strength to the sometime expressed opinion that in a good whole-sail breeze she is faster than *Momo*, so recently defeated by the Canadian *Glencairn II.* for the international small boat trophy. Be that as it may, *Shark* sailed a fast race on the 4th, beating *Skate* over 12 m. The other interesting event of the day was furnished by the 36-foot class, in which the new *Acushla* met and defeated *Surprise* by the generous margin of 14 m. *Acushla* led from the very start, never leaving the result in doubt. Last Saturday, in the Riverside Club regatta, *Acushla* evened accounts with *Anoatok*, by beating her about 11 m.

The recently announced determination of the Seawanhaka club men to next year build a one-design class of Knockabouts is additional evidence—of which much is already forth-coming—of the continuous encouragement this club collectively and individually is giving scientific small-boat building. The Knockabout idea is borrowed from Boston, where it and its prototype the Cape Cod cat have long since furnished rare good sport. In my judgment, the small-boat classes are more important than the large ones. They certainly bear more significantly upon the future American class of Corinthian sailor-men, and their lessons are the quicker learned. The one design, too, has furnished the keenest racing of the last three years, as the Boston Knockabouts and the 30-footers at Newport amply bear witness. The proposed class of the Seawanhaka yachtsmen is to be 21 feet on the water-line, with an 8-foot cockpit fitted with cabin, which will make them suitable for cruising as well as for racing.

If President Potter, of the L. A. W., has assumed a more lenient attitude towards Sunday racing—as some of his newspaper friends proclaim he has—he will be very unlikely to secure even a renomination for the office he is said to be desirous of filling another year. The wish that there shall be no Sunday racing under L. A. W. auspices is too imperative to be either misunderstood or trifled with. It is not a political play to the gallery; it is not a sop for a faction of voters; it is a demand from the level-headed and wholesome-minded of the L. A. W.'s members, which, when Mr. Potter makes his effort for reelection, will probably reach a grand total of 100,000.

Now and again sporting writers and editors are hoodwinked by the press agents of the Sunday-racing scheme, and statements find their way into the papers that the Sunday movement is not only flourishing at home, but gaining recruits abroad. Neither is true. Sunday racing is confined now, and has been from the first outbreak of the disease, to California and one or two localities of the far South. At both places it is discountenanced by the better elements of sportsmen and society generally, and at neither has it been successful. California, outside of the colleges, is notoriously dissolute in its athletics, and Sunday racing in the South grew out of an unprofitable attempt of some professional promoters to hold night racing by electric light.

I have been amused at the serious consideration some of the New York papers have given the trumpetings of the California Sunday racers over the promised "support and sympathy" of the British Columbia division of the Canadian Wheelman's Association. Bicycle-racers in British Columbia are too few to lend support—they need it themselves. As for the Canadian Association—it knows the strength of the L. A. W. Moreover, it is not in sympathy with Sunday racing.

Let no one be deceived on the question of Sunday racing; it has not succeeded, and never will; and whoso champions it will share its degradation.

Makeshift polo teams seem to be the predominant characteristic of the present season. Philadelphia has supplied men for Rockaway and Point Judith and others; Westchester has played for Meadow Brook, and now Rockaway men are to play for Westchester in the Polo Association championship. There is this difference, however, that whereas Philadelphia and Westchester only loaned their men, Rockaway has lost hers. Whether this repeated shunting of players arises from individual desire to be of a winning team, or from scarcity of first-class material—at all events it has served to whet interest in the forth-coming championship tournament. There are four teams entered—Meadow Brook, made up of W. C. Eustis, H. P. Whitney, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and Benjamin Nicoll; Myopia, with A. P. Gardner, R. L. Agassiz, R. G. Shaw, 2d, and George H. Norman, Jr., Rockaway, with W. A. Hazard, F. S. Conover, Jr., Albert Francke, and George L. Myers, and Westchester, with J. S. Stevens, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., L. Waterbury, and J. E. Cowdin.

For the first time in polo history Rockaway cannot be considered an important factor in the championship; the team put forth this week is outclassed by all the others, and will be little more than good practice for Westchester when they meet on the 18th.

But between Meadow Brook and Myopia, who play on the 16th, there is certain to be an exciting struggle, with the eventual result most difficult to forecast. It depends entirely on whether Myopia plays a team or an individual game. If the latter, its defeat is certain, for there has been repeated demonstration that individual effort, be it never so brilliant, cannot win against first-class team-work. Meadow Brook, playing L. Waterbury instead of Whitney, and Westchester, playing Mortimer in place of Stevens, have defeated Myopia this season because of the latter's lack of team-play, and Meadow Brook will surely repeat the performance on the Prospect Park Parade Grounds the 16th unless team-work has come to the Bostonians. The winners of the 16th and 18th will meet for the final on the 22d.

If Myopia does play the team game it ought to be able to show it stands a fighting chance of beating Meadow Brook, which, without Baldwin, and with neither Hitchcock nor Nicoll up to his best, will not be so strong as last year.

But of the three the strong team Westchester has mustered seems the most likely winner, and it rather looks as though the '97 championship would for the first time go up the Sound. This is taking into account the very interesting match between the two at Hempstead last Saturday, which Meadow Brook won—12 to 8½ goals. Each team earned 9 goals, and Meadow Brook's allowance and Westchester's fouls explain the difference in score. Meadow Brook played a strong team game, and while the two are very evenly matched, I incline to the belief that with a little more practice together, the present Westchester four will be the strongest of the year.

Rockaway's loss is obviously Westchester's gain.

Caspar Whitney.

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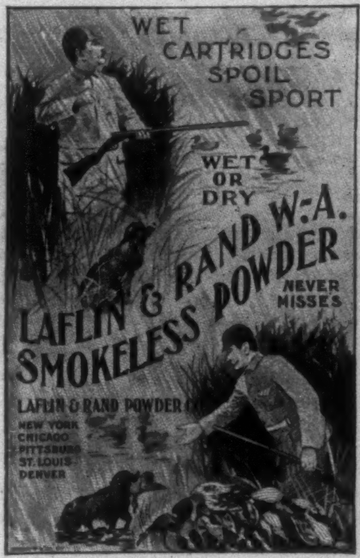

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1ST WARD.—PINE STREET PAVING, between Pearl and South Sts.; OLD SLIP PAVING, between Pearl and South Sts.

3D WARD.—CHURCH STREET SEWER, between Duane and Thomas Sts.; WEST BROADWAY PAVING, between Chambers and Vesey Sts.; GREENWICH STREET PAVING, between Vesey and Dey Sts.

4TH WARD.—OLIVER STREET PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Cherry and South Sts.

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13TH WARD.—BROOME STREET PAVING, between Mangin and East Sts., and LAYING CROSSWALKS, BROOME STREET BASINS, on the n. e. and s. e. corners of Tompkins St.

15TH WARD.—MACDOUGAL STREET SEWERS, between West Washington Pl. and Clinton Pl.

20TH WARD.—28TH STREET PAVING, between 11th and 13th Aves.; 29TH STREET PAVING, between 11th and 13th Aves. 30TH STREET PAVING, between 10th and 11th Aves.

22D WARD.—44TH STREET FENCING, vacant lots, street Nos. 532, 534, and 536 W. 44th St.; 67TH AND 68TH STREETS CROSSWALKS, at the easterly side of Columbus Ave.; 81ST STREET SEWER, between Columbus Ave. and Central Park West.

23D WARD.—BREMER AVENUE SEWER, between Jerome Ave. and the summit north of E. 166TH ST.; GROVE STREET PAVING, between 3d and Brook Aves.; INTERVALE AVENUE BASINS, on the n. e. and n. w. corners of E. 165th St.; MELROSE AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from 3d Ave. to 163d St.; OGDEN AVENUE SEWER, from Jerome Ave. to the summit north of 164th St. (Kemp Pl.;) 137TH STREET PAVING, between Alexander and Brook Aves.; 141ST STREET PAVING, between 3d and Alexander Aves.; 142D STREET PAVING, between Brook and St. Ann's Aves.; SHERMAN AVENUE SEWER, between 161st and 164th Sts.; ST. ANN'S AVENUE BASIN, n. w. cor. of 156th St.; ST. JOSEPH STREET SEWER, between Bungay St. and Timpson Pl.

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, August 27, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 31st day of August, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:

12th WARD.—10th AVENUE, from Academy Street to Kingsbridge Road.

23d WARD.—JENNINGS STREET, from Stebbins Avenue to West Farms Road. WALTON AVENUE, from the south side of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad to East 167th Street.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
Comptroller's Office, September 2, 1897.

NOTICE: Estimates for preparing for and building Recreation Structure on the pier at the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Harlem River, Contract 604, and for preparing for and building a new wooden Pier, with appurtenances, at the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Harlem River, contract 605, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 11.30 o'clock A. M., Sept. 17th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record.*

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement now published in the *City Record* for the construction of a bridge over the Harlem River between 125th Street and 1st Avenue and 134th Street and Willis Avenue, bids to be opened on Thursday, September 16th, 1897, at 12 o'clock M., by the Commissioner of Public Works.

NOTICE: Estimates for building new pier at Jane Street, North River, contract No. 606, will be received by Department of Docks until 12 o'clock noon, September 17th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record.*

How to reach the
KLONDIKE.

COLUMBIA NAVIGATION AND TRADING COMPANY.

S. S. City of Columbia (1900 tons) will depart from the Old Dominion Line Pier 26, North River,

Wednesday, Dec. 1st, for

ST. MICHAEL,

connecting with Company's river steamers for

DAWSON CITY.

Fare to Dawson City, including 1000 pounds of baggage, $680.00 up, according to accommodation. Passengers desiring to meet the ship at San Francisco or Seattle will be provided with transportation by rail to either point at same rate.

For passage tickets and further information apply to the agents,

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,
31 East Fourteenth Street, New York.
296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
95 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.